

JAZZ AGE PERIODICALS

A SELECTION OF ARTICLES.



Artist: Coles Phillips, source: *The American Magazine*, 1923

THE HIGH COST OF LOW THINKING

Donald Richberg.

The New Republic, October 18, 1922

AN authoritative estimate has been made in behalf of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace that the cost of the Great War exceeded \$335,000,000,000—an amount equal to the combined wealth of the United States, the United Kingdom and France in 1914 when the war began. This loss was caused by low thinking in high places. Perhaps the term “low thinking” requires a ‘little definition.

The development of power in every line of human endeavor brings with it the possibility that

the increased power may be used to promote the general welfare or may be used against the common good. Take, for instance, the growth of the steel industry. What I should call “fair” thinking in this connection would be intelligent mental effort to make obvious and immediate uses of the power developed in steel production to raise somewhat the average level of living conditions, to provide better railroads at lower cost, to furnish better transportation for more products and more people, to build better buildings to house more people more comfortably. What I should call “high” thinking would be imaginative effort to develop new uses of steel in improving other industrial processes, in building better cities, in adding to the general ease, comfort and efficiency of life, in expanding the steel industry itself into the production of still more useful and still cheaper products for general use. What I should call “low” thinking would be a mere greedy planning to increase beyond all reasonable and safe proportion the power of a few individuals to impose their will upon masses of other individuals and their power to gratify to an insane extent their individual and selfish emotions. °

“Low” thinking would be evident in the effort to extract exceptional profits out of steel production, even at the cost of exceptional deficits in the lives of the steel workers or even at the cost of fomenting wars and creating war phobias that sap the happiness of nations.

There was low thinking in high places which brought about the Great War, because the “master men” of the industrial world had not developed their social ethics rapidly enough to meet their developments of power. Therefore new human power was wantonly wasted and recklessly abused. The German Kaiser and the General Staff were exceptionally power-mad, but every ruling group of Europe was afflicted in varying degrees with the same disease. Behind the political insanity, germinating and stimulating it, was the power madness of industrial leaders.

Science and invention in the last hundred years have increased enormously man's ability to help, or to exploit, his fellow men. Business enterprises have grown to such proportions that the policies of industrial controllers are now more important to greater masses of people than the policies of

mediaeval rulers were to their subjects. Consider for a moment such a conflict of policy as occurred in the Ford Motor Company a few years ago. In 1903 this company started with an investment of \$49,000 cash and \$51,000 in property, of which \$40,000 represented patent rights. By July 31, 1916, the company had distributed over \$50,000 000 as profits to the men who had put in \$100,000 and had a surplus of \$1 11,960,907.53. The company had made 1,272,986 cars in thirteen years, with a total profit on operations of \$173,895,416.06—all on an original investment of \$100,000.

At this stage of the enterprise Mr. Ford took the position that the company had made too much money; that the benefits of this industrial system should be spread around; that the business should be expanded through additional investments out of surplus whereby cars could be manufactured still more cheaply so that more men could be employed at better wages and the price of the product to the public could be reduced. Particularly, he proposed to reduce the selling price of cars \$80 per car, meaning the sacrifice of a prospective profit of \$48,000,000 per year on an output of 600,000 cars. Mr. Ford's principal associates, the Dodge Brothers, opposed his policies and appealed to the courts to prevent him from carrying out his program, which they described as follows:

The proposed scheme of expansion is not for the financial advantage of the corporation either mediate or immediate and is not to be prosecuted with that intent, but for the purpose of increasing the number of employees and of the cars produced, to the end of giving employment and low priced cars to a greater number of people.

The Supreme Court of Michigan decided the case according to what may be regarded as the prevailing theory of business. Presumably the court did not intend to express personal economic opinions, but merely to interpret the purposes of those who organize corporations, in order to enforce the stockholders' agreement upon which money is invested. The opinion of the court reads, in part, as follows:

The difference between an incidental, humanitarian expenditure of corporate funds for the benefit of the employees, like the building of a hospital for their use and the employment of agencies for the betterment of their condition, and a general purpose and plan to benefit

mankind at the expense of others is obvious. . . . There should be no confusion (of which there is evidence) of the duties which Mr. Ford conceives that he and his stockholders owe to the general public and the duties which in law he and his co-directors owe to protesting minority stockholders. A business corporation is organized and carried on primarily for the benefit of the stockholders. The powers of the directors are to be employed for that end. The discretion of the directors is to be exercised in the choice of means to attain that end and does not extend to a change in the end itself, to the reduction of profits among stockholders in order to devote them to other purposes.

Thus the court established judicially a complete justification of what is sometimes denounced as profiteering. If a corporation by virtue of a short age in the product which it manufactures is able to double its selling price and to force that portion of the public which is able to buy to pay twice the reasonable price of an article, the corporation has, according to this opinion, not only the right but the legal obligation to profiteer. It also appears that if the profits of an enterprise are so large that the directors feel that they can afford to increase wages above the prevailing rate at which men may be forced under economic necessity to accept employment, protesting minority stockholders can require the directors to continue to pay unjust wages. They can require that the benefits of the industrial enterprise, instead of being divided among all those who have contributed money or services, be appropriated so far as possible for the exclusive benefit of those who have contributed money. Yet the small amount of money contribution which is necessary to build up a great enterprise, compared to the contribution of human energy of the workers, from the president down to the office boy, was never more strikingly illustrated than in the case of the Ford Motor Company.

Applying this theory of business to other enterprises of vast size whose operations affect the welfare of millions, we shall find that the purpose of steel making, of meat packing, of coal mining, of oil production, of sugar growing—the purpose of producing and distributing the necessities of life—is to increase individual wealth and power. Behind this theory is the social ideal that life is a competitive struggle wherein each one uses the

abilities and energies of other men so far as possible to increase his power and control over other men and to satisfy more and more his appetites and emotions, at the expense of diminished satisfaction of the appetites and emotions of others.

But this theory leaves quite unanswered the inquiry: For what purpose is an individual to increase his wealth and power and to satisfy increasingly his diminishing and ageing appetites and emotions? The only answer to this question which logically justifies the prevailing competitive ideal is given by those biologists and philosophers who believe in a wholly mechanistic, chemical conception of life; who accept the physical law of the degradation of energy as applying to human activity and therefore assume the eventual self-destruction of human life; who believe that man, inevitably and without free will, lives to gratify his physical emotions, that spiritual life is an illusion, that the immortality of the soul is a fable for children, that there is no justification for religious faith in that unknown high purpose of the world that men have called God.

Yet the majority of practical, materialistic leaders of great business enterprises and shapers of common thought will not carry their philosophy to this pessimistic end. That is one reason why most of us make any religion we profess a thing apart from our daily living, because none of the prevailing creeds can be applied to the lives we want to live without depriving us of the comfortable satisfaction of feeling that we are right when we do what we want to do.

Let us now relieve ourselves, however, of some personal responsibility for our low level of thought. The unprecedented progress in the material world during recent centuries has resulted from the development and application of a large number of laws through scientific research in physics, chemistry and biology. But in the social world no such laws have been developed and social changes are made emotionally rather than rationally.

In other words we have not developed a moral code consistent with the scientific development of modern life. And this scientific development has brought not merely a new social life but also a mass of undeniable facts that have swept away the assumptions upon which we have built our ethical, our

social and our legal codes. Thinking men of today cannot accept the soundness of primitive ideas upon which existing moral codes have been based, any more than they can accept the accuracy of records of the origin and development of human life upon this planet which have been scientifically demonstrated to be untrue.

In the absence of the development of necessary social laws upon a scientific basis a sense of bewilderment grows. I received not long ago a letter from an eminent judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals which concluded with this inquiry:

Has not the development of the material resources of the world and the increasing education of the masses with its consequent spirit of agnosticism brought such complexity in the individual and national life that the world is beyond the control of its inhabitants?

This sense of lack of control must persist and increase until an adequate sense of social responsibility has been developed in those who dominate in the using of man-power and the shaping of commonplace ideas. But such a development requires either a new intellectual humility among the present social rulers or a shift in leadership.

The world has been listening far too long and with too much reverence to the immature, unscientific, demoralizing thinking that has been voiced by captains of industry and their satellite bankers, lawyers and politicians. Not only have they kept the air filled with outworn ideas but in many instances they have used their economic power to restrict the creation of free thought in the universities and to stifle its free expression through the press. One lasting benefit might come out of the Great War if it should bring some realization that men who devote their lives to the study of social forces, in history, economics, sociology or natural philosophy, are better fitted to guide human thought and to shape moral tendencies than men who devote their lives to making money and to acquiring industrial power so great as to overstrain human capacity.

MORE MALE NURSES WANTED

Social Progress, February 1922

A MOVEMENT is under way to arouse public interest in the need for more male nurses and to provide better facilities for their training. There are certain cases where it is a manifest impropriety for a woman nurse to have charge of a male patient. Hitherto it has been regarded as a great obstacle to providing male nurses that men lack adaptation to this kind of service. Women seem better fitted by nature and -training for nursing duty than men. Medical men and hospital authorities do not appear to be favorable to this project since the sex line seems to be almost obliterated in training nurses and providing a medical education. That sex-consciousness is strongly emphasized in many men and women, who have not been seriously ill themselves or closely associated with sick persons, is apt to be overlooked by physicians and nurses who become so indifferent to sex distinction that a very real sense of modesty in others appears to them like prudery.

Hospital training schools are rarely equipped to train men and women nurses at the same time, nor is it desirable that they be trained together. The homes or dormitories for women nurses connected with the schools must, of course, be for their exclusive use ; but it might be practicable to find or provide dormitories for men in the hospitals or in the immediate neighborhood.

The danger to the young and often very attractive women nurses in the constant association with male patients is greater than the public supposes. Many cases have come to light in which women nurses have suffered indescribable anguish from their exposure in treating male patients. The greatest danger, of course, lies in the period of convalescence. Hospital authorities minimize these dangers. It is usually the young and inexperienced nurse who is just entering upon her training who is most likely to be a victim to the conditions which exist in many hospitals. The female nurses' safeguard lies in the fact that most of the cases they attend are treated in hospitals or open wards or in the home where the members of the family chaperone them.

If a female nurse must attend male patients in private rooms or on night duty, a strong orderly should be on call to protect her from delirious or ill-disposed patients. No young undergraduate nurse should be put on night duty alone, especially in a male ward or private room. There should be two for each ward, even though the work may not be sufficient to keep both employed.

There can be no question that men are badly needed in the nursing profession. This is especially true because of a growing scarcity of women in the training schools. The remuneration offered for this kind of employment is an inducement, since trained nurses now receive from \$35.00 to \$50.00 a week, with board when with a case. Board and other maintenance is provided during the period of training. Few occupations offer this inducement. Most students have to support themselves otherwise, and pay for tuition and books besides. While it is true that many men lack the tender sympathy for people in general and particularly the delicacy of touch essential to the care of the sick, there are plenty of them who do have the qualifications requisite for becoming nurses. The attention of such young men should be called to this great need and facilities ought to be afforded for their training.

In case of private diseases of men or dementia male attendants are almost imperative and their efficiency would be greatly increased by a course of training in a good school.

A CURE FOR INQUISITIVENESS

By Ethel Howlett Houston

ibid

Bright, little three-year-old Betty was very active and also most inquisitive. Work basket, books, magazines and cherished bits of glass or china had to be kept safely out of her reach, for anything that claimed her interest was sure to be clutched. When corrected with "No, no," she simply grasped the coveted object more tightly and began crying. How to overcome her habit which was fast becoming annoying, was my problem.

After trying several ways which proved failures, I tried this plan: One day I took out a dresser

drawer containing bright ribbons, collars, etc., and concealed a cherished doll of Betty's beneath them.

I knew the bright ribbons would surely bring Betty's inquisitive little fingers to explore. I seated myself in a low chair with the drawer before me.

Betty was playing near with her blocks. Her first glance toward the drawer was enough to draw her attention. Over she came, with eager hands out stretched, immediately grasping a handful of ribbons. She held them tightly and looked at me. Instead of gently forcing her little fist open or saying the expected "No, no," I looked at her quietly.

Then I took out the doll and said, "This is Betty's," and taking hold of the ribbon, I said, "This is Mother's." I repeated this again and again, still holding out the doll.

Much to my delight she dropped the ribbons and took the doll. And instead of crying, she hugged her doll and said, "Betty's dollie."

For several days I used some of her most cherished belongings in this way to win her attention from some fancied object, always repeating, "This is Betty's ; that is Mother's." Then I tried using anything of hers that was near.

The little one quickly grasped the idea and within a week she stood beside me while I strung some beads. Every now and then she bent closely over the beads, pointed at them, shook her little head and said "Mother's." Then she hugged her Teddy more closely, saying, "Betty's Teddy."

Betty had learned her little lesson.



"NO HOME A REAL HOME WITH OUT BOOKS"

ibid

There is nothing more really satisfy
ing than a good book. Given plenty of
books a prison cell would become a pal
ace to a reader who loves books. They
while away the hours of pain for the
invalid shut-in ; they exalt the soul of
the thinker above the sordid things of
life and transform the most humble labor
into divine service. When your child is
reading a good book you know that he
is in fine company and in no danger of
mental contamination. "Thoughts are
things" that vitalize or depress ; that in
spire or degrade. A book wisely chosen
is the best possible gift for birthday
anniversaries, Valentine or other use.
February is full of interesting anni
versaries, those of Lincoln, Washington,
Longfellow, Lowell and Daniel Boone,

the Kentucky patriot. The public schools and patriotic societies revive the memories of these heroes and poets as their birthdays come. St. Valentine also comes in for recognition. Books with a dainty band of ribbon tied in a hand some bow, make fine Valentine gifts.
Caroline Alden Huling.

Fiction

The Girls, by Edna Ferber, is a story of Chicago and native-born women of three generations : Great Aunt Charlotte Thrift, whose unacknowledged lover was one of the first victims of the Civil War, and who was un wed at seventy-four because of this affair, though lack of opportunity might have contributed to her spinsterhood ; Lottie Payson, who had lived over thirty years and was still single, possibly because her mother gave her no chance to become acquainted with eli gible men ; and dear young Charley, not yet twenty, a fully up-to-date miss whose erudition about subjects ta booded by her elders was actu ally shocking, as was her frank discussion of family matters. War also takes her lover, a poet and namesake of the oldest Charlotte's lover. The story as a whole reads like a merry travesty on middle-class Chicago of the "'South Side," and the last chapters, telling of the recent world war time, have an undercurrent of pacifist sophistry, especially when Lottie (aged nearly forty) returns from war-service in France with her fatherless, illegitimate infant. Such is the demoralizing influ ence of war. Light, amusing, frivolous, with clear-cut character drawing, but hardly consistent. Doubleday, Page & Co.—C. A. H.

Skeletons, by Guy M. Walker, is a series of short stories that the author claims to be true. They well sustain the old saying that "truth is stranger than fiction," and the fact that they may be actual occurrences arouses a sympathy in the reader that saddens him. The skele tons that rattle in the closets would bet ter be left there. The Stratford Com pany.—C. A. H.

To Him That Hath, by Ralph Con nor, is another Canadian story by the author of "The Sky Pilot," and numerous other popular books. The labor ques tion and the problems of the present day, with echoes of the late war, form the theme with abundance of the roman tic element. A mill town in Eastern On tario is the scene, and the labor agitator is a prominent actor in the drama. How the workmen are drawn into a strike, with riot and a near-tragedy, with the undercurrent of jealousy, is well told. The relations of the master, who has "come up" with his men from early man hood, and the soldier son who is to take his place, with the millmen and towns people are well depicted. The democracy of the clergyman's family, although of the English nobility, is beautiful. The war seems to have drawn the people nearer and taught them a desirable les son. The clouds draw away at last, leaving a clearer horizon. A fine piece of character drawing and an interesting story. George H. Doran Company.— C. A. H.

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SOCIAL PROGRESS

The Go-Getter, by Peter B. Kyne. An inspirational story of a young fellow, a crippled A. E. F. veteran who could not be downed. What he went after he got, acting upon the watchword of his commanding officer "It shall be done." How he met the test devised by his "Boss" is a most amusing story with an excellent moral. Employers will want to buy this little book by the dozen for their men. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.—C. A. H.

Dramatic

The Pilgrim Spirit, The Tercentenary Pageant, by George P. Baker. This Pageant, presented at Plymouth, Mass., during the summer of 1921 in commemoration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, in 1620, is now available in book form, well illustrated with historic scenes in photo gravure. The text used at the Pageant is given in full, reproducing the spirit of the Pilgrims in a remarkable way. The Pageant was fully described in September Social Progress, by the Editor; our readers will be glad to be able to get the book. Marshall, Jones Company.—C. A. H.

Historical

Heroes of Liberty, by Grace Humphrey, is a series of sketches of men and women who have fought and died in the cause of liberty. They include John Paul Jones, George Washington, Roger Williams, Jeanne D'Arc, Madame Breshkovsky, and others. The style is simple, comprehensive and interesting, although some important omissions are noted in the effort to condense. The BobbsMerrill Company.—C. A. H.

Nature

Studies of Trees in Winter, by Annie Oakes Huntington. The average person who pays any attention to trees, differentiates them by their foliage and summer dress. Few understand their characteristics when the limbs are bare in winter. This beautiful book will aid the real nature lover to study the trees and distinguish them without the aid of leaves and blossoms. A full description of over thirty-six trees, besides the several varieties in the different families, the maples, ashes, and the like. There are seventy-nine plates, of which twelve are in color. Besides the descriptive matter much of interest otherwise is given; for instance, interesting bits of history pertaining to some of the trees. There is an Introduction by Prof. C. S. Sargent of the Arnold Arboretum, of Harvard College, that attests the fidelity with which the author has done her work. The Page Company.—C. A. H.

Educational

Shackled Youth, by Edward Yeomans, is a monograph dealing with educational methods of the present day. The attitude of people in general regarding the public schools, is characterized as "neolithic" and "simian." That parents take but a "casual interest, » * * without the least comprehension that there may be any destiny for their children beyond a repetition of parental life," he asserts. His plea for more interest in the schools by both parents and teachers is well timed. The criticisms of methods and results are attractively phrased, snappy and will intrigue the reader. Educators are reading and discussing this book, and have warmly commended its deductions. There is much food for constructive thought in it which is commended to all having children under their charge. The Atlantic Monthly Press.—C. A. H.

A Classic

Bulfinch's Age of Fable, or Beauties of Mythology, is by no means a new book, or even a new edition, but this one is just the thing for young folks who should take up the classics while at an age to enjoy the fables that once meant more than mere stories. No well-educated person should be ignorant of the

stories of the gods and goddesses of ancient Greece and Rome. This edition is carefully edited by Rev. J. Loughran Scott, and fully illustrated. David McKay.—C. A. H.

Health and Hygiene

Keeping Fit at Fifty, by Samuel G. Blythe, is a delightful, witty little monograph, reviewing the various ways of ridding oneself of superfluous avoirdupois and otherwise rejuvenating the physical body. After trying all sorts of fads the author concludes that the problem is an individual one, though he gives excellent advice to aid in determining the required treatment. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.—C. A. H.

Religious

Keep God in American History, by Harry E. Atwood. A dainty little monograph consisting of quotations from his toric documents and the writings of famous persons showing that our basic principles were founded on religious ideals. Ribbon tied and in a neat mailing case for gift use. Laird & Lee.—C. A. H.

How Much Shall I Give? by Lillian Brandt. Introductory note by Frank A. Fetter. Every conscientious person feels an obligation to give part of their means to various charitable and religious causes. There often arises a question in their mind, "How much should I give?"

This book puts the question differently—"How much shall I give?" and endeavors to answer it. The rule of tithing, followed by some, who give a tenth of their income, is generally considered about correct, but there are those whose ample means would enable them to give more. This monograph is a really scientific study of the subject and will well repay perusal. The family budget, the "war chest" system, "Why we give," and "How to decide what to give," are among the subjects discussed. An interesting chapter is called, "Answers of the Past." The Frontier Press.—C. A. H.

A Christian's Appreciation of Other Faiths, a study of the best in the world's greatest religions, by Rev. Gilbert Reid, D.D., Director of the International Institute of China, and author of "Religion and Revolution," "China, Captive or Free," and other books. This volume embraces a series of lectures delivered in Shanghai, China, during the early days of the recent war, under the auspices of the Billings Lectureship, controlled by the Unitarian Association of Boston. The lectures discuss four of the great non-Christian religions of Asiatic peoples, and then religious conceptions of Christian peoples. The four great religious systems treated by the lecturer are those found in China, Confucianism, Taoism, Buddhism, Islam. Follow the religion of the Jew, of the Church of Rome, of the Unitarian doctrine, and an "Appreciation of Jesus Christ, by Skepticism." The summing up is termed "concord among religions and unity of the truth." The tone of the lectures is in consonance with the title, tolerant and appreciative of the good in the philosophies discussed. The work will remove the misapprehension existing regarding these doctrines, which is largely based upon ignorance of them. The Open Court Publishing Company.—C. A. H.

NEW BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

The Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln, by J. Rogers Gore, proves on examination to be a book of absorbing interest. Better than that, it carries all the earmarks of unquestionable authenticity and veracity. The book is no mere compilation of old legends and traditions of the childhood of our greatest President. The author has obtained the material for his work directly by word of mouth from Austin Gollaher, boyhood friend and playmate of Lincoln. The publisher appends two certified depositions from old residents of Kentucky as to the reliability of these Lincoln stories. Mr. Gore has so far as possible even couched his narratives in old Mr. Gollaher's own simple language. As one dips

into the book here and there one is fascinated by the delightfully characteristic anecdotes of the boy Lincoln. We find them all there, the qualities we have learned to hold dear in this greatest and most beloved of our national heroes—the wistful longing for an education, the tenderness towards animals, the disarming candor and unimpeachable honesty. Dr. F. K. Mathiews, Director of the Library Department, Boy Scouts of America, says: "It is a book most anybody from nine to ninety would read with keen delight." And your reviewer agrees with him most heartily. The book has several fine illustrations of Lincoln's old Kentucky home. It is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

American Boy's Book of Wild Animals, by Dan Beard, needs no superlatives of the reviewer to attest its value and beauty. It's a Dan Beard out-of-door book—and that's enough said. This is another of the Woodcraft Series by the National Scout Commissioner, Boy Scouts of America. So all the Brotherhood of the Open Road will want a copy, and no more fascinating or helpful book along these lines can be put into the boy's hands. The joys of the circus, the fascinations of the zoo, the delightful adventures of camping will all float before his eyes as he dreams over this splendid book by the winter fireside. Mr. Beard has not attempted here a technical treatise in natural history, but much valuable wood lore is interspersed with exciting narrative and amusing anecdotes. Boys, be sure to put in a requisition for Uncle Dan's new book. J. B. Lippincott Company.

What Scouts Can Do, by Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Bt., is an uncommonly fine book to put in the hands of your boy, and certainly every loyal Scout should own this, the latest work of the founder of the Boy Scout Order. It contains a vast amount of valuable information about things to make, games to play, fascinating handicrafts and occupations, interesting facts and happenings in the world of sport—all interspersed with fine, sweet advice, the happy wholesome suggestions of a man who has spent his life being a big brother to countless boys. I can't forbear quoting for you the last paragraph of this extraordinarily attractive book: "So here is my tip to you if you want to make the world a happy place for yourself as well as for others: always look around and see the other man's point of view and you may find that there is something to be said for his side as well as for your own." There are many useful and excellent diagrams and designs scattered through the book, showing that it is the Author's pleasant habit to sketch as he talks, thus illuminating his corking ideas for the boys. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Our Little Crusader Cousin of Long Ago, by Evaleen Stein—the new volume in the Long Ago Series of Little Cousins. This is the story of Hugh, page to King Richard the Lion Heart of England, during the Third Crusade. One is prepared, therefore, for a captivating narrative, for because of his bold courage, his noble spirit, and his thrilling, adventurous life, no one has ever so taken the world's fancy as has Richard the Lion Heart. The author has not burdened her tale with too much historical detail, while giving a clear and sufficient picture of the period. Especially satisfying is the pen portrait of King Richard, which brings out the penitive, poetic nature, as well as the swash buckling hardihood, of this monarch of song and story. There are several lovely, soft-tinted illustrations picturing the pages and their beloved hero-king. The cover design in color is dashing and handsome. The Page Company.

Marjory's House Party, by Alice E. Allen, is the latest of the Marjory-Joe Series. It is a pleasant story with a fine, sparkling winter setting. Its most interesting and important character is a circus dog, the big brown and white terrier, Fritz. But there are a lot of nice boys and girls who are his friends and play a part in his life story. It is really a jolly tale, with a moving picture troupe, and five Christmas Trees, a real, bona fide mystery, and other such fascinating matter, in it. Just the thing for boys and girls of ten or thereabouts. The Page Company.
Molly W. Peterson.

PROFIT AND LOSS FROM THE STRIKES

The New Republic, September 6, 1922

BEYOND question, the coal and railway strikes have been terribly costly to the country at large. Henry Ford's announcement that he will have to close down, throwing a hundred thousand men out of employment, presents merely a spectacular instance of what has been going on in industry at large in recent weeks. The country is losing an industrial output valued at many millions weekly. What is more important, new stresses are developing at a host of points in the industrial structure. Many concerns that managed to weather the hard times of last winter are now fated to go down. The precious opportunity of getting industry under way before winter, and so abating the evil of unemployment, has been lost. It is no wonder that most Americans, after casting up the account of losses inflicted upon persons in no way involved in the controversy, should vigorously condemn the irreconcilables in both camps who are prolonging their private quarrel in the hope of attaining that elusive and usually baneful objective, a conclusive victory. Nor is it any wonder that the larger share in the condemnation is bestowed upon the leaders of labor. They may not be the more irreconcilable, but they talk the more irreconcilably. They may not be the more pleased with the inconvenience and losses the public must endure, but they talk as if they were. In the recent negotiation between the twenty-six railroads and the unions, the employers certainly gave more of an impression of a sincere disposition to go half way than did the unions. Perhaps the reason was that the employers have a shrewder sense of public opinion. However that may be, the public can only judge by what it sees and hears, and judging by that, the unions' case does not strongly commend itself.

But before passing definite judgment the public ought to take into account not only the particular issue of seniority in the railway shops, but the whole industrial conflict in which the shopmen's strike is but an episode. Let us go back to the

position of labor and capital in wartime. Then it was of the utmost importance to the nation to enlist the absolute devotion of every worker. And the government, in pursuing this object, was very free with its promises. The peace was to usher in a new world, for labor. The junkerism of the employing class was to go, along with the junkerism of the enemy states. Unionism was to hold a new position in our industrial constitution. And as an earnest of the new order, the head of the American Federation of Labor was accorded a high place in the war councils of the nation. Unionism thrived under this régime, and succeeded in establishing for its membership a higher standard of living than could possibly have been anticipated in time of war. There was much murmuring among employers, who foresaw difficulties in restoring their control of labor after demobilization, but for the most part the employing class was content with a general condition which assured them unprecedented profits.

Upon the conclusion of peace the semi-official relation between government and organized labor came to an abrupt end. Industry was invited to return to its old channels. As at a preconcerted signal, employers throughout the country set out to effect a “deflation” of labor. It was only fair, of course, that wage scales which had been elevated to a fantastic height by war demands should come down. It was only natural that employers should try to bring them down more rapidly than the decline of prices warranted, and it was equally natural that labor should resist even justifiable reductions. But the struggle between capital and labor did not confine itself to the readjustment of wage scales. Instead, it resolved itself primarily into an attack by the employers upon the principle of effective unionism.

Everybody will recall the enthusiasm with which the so-called “American plan” was hailed, some three years ago. It was a plan which on its face appeared fair. Every worker might decide for himself whether he would join a union or not, and every employer would decide for himself whether he would have union men in his employ. It was the “open shop,” with its inevitable tendency to drift toward the shop closed to union members. Everybody will recall the universal enthusiasm roused among employers by Mr. Gary's breaking

of the steel strike. Labor was in retreat, and union membership began to fall off. Now was the time, it was urged by chambers of commerce and manufacturers' associations, to disestablish the national labor organizations and to substitute for them the more docile shop unions. The newly created Railway Labor Board seemed to have fallen in with the tendencies of the times in its abrogation of the National Agreement.

In this general offensive against unionism, it had long been known to students of industrial strategy, conclusive results could be won only by beating the heaviest battalions of labor, the United Mine Workers and the railway unions. The railway unions could be got at only indirectly, because of the inevitable intervention of the Railroad Labor Board. The mine workers, on the other hand, were exposed to a frontal attack. That attack was launched, with the refusal of the operators to confer on a new scale to take the place of the one which expired on April first. Henceforth the operators proposed to post scales of their own devising, or in case of need, to work out scales with the miners district by district, thus bringing the whole force of interdistrict competition to bear in the settlement of wages. The time appeared auspicious. There were large stocks of coal on hand, and the seasonal demand was at its lowest. It appeared, not only to the operators but to many of the miners and their sympathizers, that the battle was sure to end in a victory for the employers. But the fighting power of mine labor had been underestimated. The strike developed unanticipated effectiveness. Labor everywhere began to feel that the retreat was at an end and that the time was coming for a counter offensive. The success of the striking shopmen in forcing the railway situation to the front as a national issue has further stiffened the morale of labor. Organized labor has won its Marne. It will probably have to meet formidable offensives in the fall and winter, especially if unemployment increases in grave proportions. But there is no longer any likelihood that the unions can be destroyed. "American plans" and company unions are going the way of the dream of a German Mitteleuropa.

Is this victory worth the cost, in the way of coal shortage and disorganized transportation, with all the attendant losses to agriculture and in

dustry? We believe that it is. We are very far from maintaining that labor organization, in its present form, presents a final solution of our problem of industrial relations. We recognize the inherent defects in a form of association organized primarily for militant purposes, instead of for purposes of the most effective cooperation in the work of production. But as matters now stand the unions are our one solid bulwark against sweating and serfdom. And the public can afford heavy sacrifices for the sake of their preservation.

The Anthracite Deadlock

THE disinclination of Mr. Lewis to accept arbitration in the adjustment of next year's wage contract with the anthracite operators can be best interpreted in the light of the conditions which gave rise to the present strike in the coal industry. For more than six months prior to the date of termination of the anthracite contract, April 1, 1922, the miners and operators were engaged in a fruitless effort to fix wages for the coming coal year. The operators insisted on a drastic wage cut so that, they said, they might reduce the price of anthracite coal; whereas the miners, with equal intensity, held out for a substantial increase in wages on the ground that the margin of profits in the industry was wide enough to allow greater wages and that labor cost was anyhow only a minor and insignificant item in the high price of hard coal. Such were the contentions of labor and capital in the months preceding the beginning of the strike. But, as always, the issues did not long remain so simple and so clear. If for no other reason than that hard and soft coal miners are members of the same union, issues peculiar to the anthracite industry were soon lost in the larger and more fundamental questions raised by the bituminous strike. Regardless of what was said at its inception, there can no longer be any reasonable doubt that the bituminous strike was no more and no less than a test of strength. The time seemed ripe to challenge the integrity of the union. Victory for the operators meant abolition of the check-off, extension of the non-union area, and the more general application of what may properly be designated the West Virginia industrial code. The stakes were

obviously large and, barring the unforeseen, worth fighting for. Clearly, also, victory for the operators would have borne fruit not for the bituminous operators alone. The prospect of dealing with a beaten and chastened union of workers could not have failed to be pleasing to the anthracite operators as well. So original differences in issues and tactics resolved themselves, through the force of circumstance, into a single issue and strategy, common to both the bituminous and anthracite industries. If, in this trial by battle, the operators had been fortunate enough to win, it was the common expectation that they would write the settlement in terms of labor liquidation. Victory by the union, conversely, could have been predicted to result in the rejection of the conception of labor liquidation and the maintenance of prevailing rates of wages. By this time it is already a matter of record that the Mine Workers won as completely as it is given labor organizations to win in such industrial struggles. Settlements in the bituminous industry have been made and thousands have returned to work. The anthracite operators, however, while they are willing to have their men return to work under prevailing conditions until next April, refuse to make a contract beyond that time, unless the question of wages be submitted on April 1, 1923, to arbitration. This proposal the union rejects. It will not submit wages to arbitration and it insists on the extension of whatever terms are now agreed upon to April 1, 1924. In their insistence on a long term contract and in their attitude toward arbitration, the officers of the United Mine Workers stand on firm ground.

The essence of a successful collective contract between employers and employees is the assurance to both parties of stability and certainty for a reasonably long period of time. The coal industry has just come through a struggle of almost six months' duration. The conduct of this fight has entailed for the workers immeasurable sacrifice and hardship. This hardship they endured in the conviction that there was no justice in the demand of the anthracite operators for a wage cut. From neither public nor private sources have any facts been brought to light since April last that are calculated to weaken this conviction. Naturally, therefore, the members of the union are violently opposed to any agreement which will raise again with

in seven months the very same issues which they have just spent a half year in trying to settle. Much better, they think, to see the fight through now than to accept an armed truce and to resume battle when conditions may be even less favorable than they are at present.

Still greater is the union's opposition to entrusting the adjustment of wages to an arbitrator or to a board of arbitration. The reasons for this state of mind need no longer be a mystery to those who have followed the history of one great public board of arbitration during the past two years.

It is asking too much of the leaders of a great popular movement that they close their eyes to the experience of the railroad workers with arbitration, that they forget the storm of disapproval which greeted the awards of the coal commissions of a few years before, and that they again resort to the same type of tribunal for the adjudication of their own differences with the operators. Not until industrial arbitration has wiped clean the slate of its contemporary record, can trade unions in all fairness be urged to bring their grievances before impartial representatives of the "public."

But even beyond this, there remains the highly pertinent fact that in its present state the anthracite industry does not yield those materials of evidence which are the prerequisites to the process of intelligent wage arbitration. In spite of much urging and many promises, no revealing document on investments, profits and annual earnings in the hard coal industry has appeared. To unravel the intricacies of joint accounting, to derive a figure of fair investment, to compute margins of profit, to separate railroad from mine earnings, to do justice to the item of mine royalties, and finally to settle upon a statement of fair earnings for labor is not the work of a day. No hastily improvised board of arbitration can produce information which will not be challenged as vigorously and as successfully as that which is now current in the industry. If the American public wishes to do justice to itself, it will insist upon the prompt appointment of a fact-finding commission, with the widest possible powers of inquiry, which will start immediately on its job. When such a commission makes its report, the public may rely on the force of its evidence to produce the necessary adjustments. Until then, hasty inquiry, snap judgments, and compulsory

arbitration will yield, as they have in the past,
nothing but greater irritation.

A Tired Radical

Esther Johnston.

ibid

WHEN Mrs. Aronson came in today I was at the information desk—my post in the library in a foreign quarter. A book was her objective and we took the usual devious conversational detour to find it.

“That Main Street, now. Is it still so popular? Ach, it is a dreary book. Twice have I looked at it and turned away. But if all the world has read it, then so must I. But he's not lively like that Harry Johnston now. Ach, that book—the Happy Dombey's I Such wit, such fun! He keeps me awake the whole evening through. No, Main Street I shall save for a while yet. What other good novel is there, dearie?”

“May Sinclair's last one?”

“Sinclair? Ach, I read The Jungle. Such a book! For five years after would I not go near a delicatessen. You mean yet another Sinclair?”

Mrs. Aronson now has her thrills vicariously “by books,” for she has renounced the combats that made her famous on our East Side and has become a tired radical. Books have no damaging effect upon her husband's sales in his small drygoods shop on Hester Street, as had her previous adventures. There are the children, too, to be considered. What can they do with a mama continually on the rampage?

When I met Mrs. Aronson she was at the height of her power. If Mrs. Aronson had lived in England she might have been another Mrs. Pankhurst. If she had lived in the Middle West, she would have been leader of the Thanatopsis Club and would have given it reality and ardor. Since her American life was spent in New York's lower East Side, economic rather than political or literary issues of the day naturally called for her championing.

I met her before the war, or before America's

entry. Our encounter was not in the library, for in the days before Mrs. Aronson became rich and weary, she did not frequent our place. Mrs. Aronson spoke on a nearby street corner almost every evening, and we chanced to meet after one of her gatherings.

She had a large following, and an excitable one, and she organized the mothers of the East Side as they have not been organized before or since. She led them in a bread riot that brought news paper headlines and more tangible results. She harangued the crowd at City Hall to the intense discomfiture of city officials and a police force that found it difficult to deal lightly, and at the same time effectively, with women who had the sympathy of the crowd. Her massive honest face, surmounted by natural coarse black hair—she radically declined the stitched wig of her orthodox contemporaries as well as the hat of the conventionally Americanized—carried a conviction of her sincerity.

Mrs. Aronson was neighborly enough in the morning. She was not one to hold back a bit of flour that the family next door needed. Nor could she resist an invitation to squeeze a neighbor's newly purchased fish and pass upon its tenderness. At or during or directly after the noon dinner—only a discreet and troubled Mr. Aronson could have told the exact hour of the metamorphosis—Mrs. Aronson put aside the rôle of housewife and became the leader. Frequently she repaired with her followers to the stuffy room of the Pants makers' Union and discussed in shrill Yiddish or broken English the profiteers, the high cost of living, the increase in rent. When the drafted men were sent away it was Mrs. Aronson who led the lamentations before the office of the local board. Although her own son was too young to be taken, Mrs. Aronson's cries were the loudest that fell upon the ears of the uneasy policeman stationed there to prevent trouble.

When food restrictions were passed Mrs. Aronson was first to denounce the use of cornmeal and rice as substitutes for flour, and the further limitations placed upon cooking. Mr. Aronson, had he not been docile and unquestioning, might have put his tongue in his cheek. His wife's outside duties and preoccupations curbed her cooking activities without governmental regulations. There were sev

eral brushes with the police when Mrs. Aronson and her crowd swooped upon a small grocer or pushcart man and demanded lower prices. Yet her utmost defiance could not add a jail sentence to her achievements. The magistrate warily refused the crown of martyrdom, contenting himself, if not Mrs. Aronson, with a warning. The city had all it could do with the war on its hands without making martyrs.

“Go slow with the women,” the police were warned. “The time's too tense to let 'em have hysterics and get 'emselves abused. Jolly 'em along and don't take 'em too seriously.”

The police thereafter let Mrs. Aronson talk, listened politely, kept the crowd from blocking traffic—and that was all.

Then came the great onion coup. Someone cornered the market. Mrs. Aronson took away and then restored onions to the East Side. Onions in our neighborhood are not to be sniffed at, or rather they are to be sniffed at with epicurean appreciation. From the Battery to Fourteenth Street, from the Bowery to East River, the onion is the very breath of life. The subtlety of the stew, the flavor of the soup, the delectability of the midnight sandwich all depend upon it. Its homely odor mingles with the salt of the herring and the brine of the pickle vat to give the East Side its true and unmistakable odor. To restore onions to a people deprived of them called for the resourcefulness of a leader. *

The price of potatoes soared, sugar went up, then almost went out. Fish became dear, herring advanced outrageously. Still one could have onions. Beans mounted, followed by lentils. Then onions soared. There had been an increased demand for this all-round substitute, an overnight advance in wholesale prices and a corresponding revision of signs on pushcart banners. Even the onion could no longer be relied upon.

One of Mrs. Aronson's followers told me of the meeting the day after. Mrs. Aronson came to the room of the Pants-makers' Union. Mrs. Kolinsky and Mrs. Ornstein were before her in hot argument.

“Twenty-six cents for onions ! One pound I bought, but never again. Sooner shall I starve than pay such a price! Back to Schneider's shall I go and try no more to save my money.”

“Twenty-six cents; is it, Mrs. Kolinsky? Your man shows the milk of human kindness. Twenty eight cents would the turnip-hearted rascal at Essex Street charge me!”

“On purpose, Mrs. Ornstein, have they held out from increasing the onion till the last. They raise potatoes. “Get more onions,’ I tell myself. The price of herring, goes out of sight. “Never mind, children, Mama will make you a thick onion soup.’ Never have I leaned so upon the onion as the last months.”

Mrs. Aronson considered, holding aloof from the argument. Other women came, listened, wailed and testified. That she herself did not share the general enthusiasm for onions was beside the point. The scheme, sprung full-armed into her head, was divulged as her follower told her.

“Women,” she called suddenly, rapping for order, and getting it at last from even that excitable crowd. “Women! Ladies! This meeting will come to order—right away now! We will consider the high cost of living. You have heard the news. A tragedy is it that onions have gone up. Onions is only one example, but onions are a necessity. Our children cannot get on without them. We give our sons to the war and we can not even buy an onion for the little ones at home. Let us make our stand here! Too long have we talked and nothing done! Tomorrow we do! I have a plan.”

If you read the papers the next few days you know how the plan worked, although Mrs. Aronson's part in it was no more than suspected. The following morning Monroe Street showed the usual scene of pushcart activity. Salad greens for little Italy were heaped on pushcarts beside the pickle vats of the ghetto, those briny vats where blobs of red peppers, dill pickles, cucumbers and tomatoes made rich splashes of color and roused irresistible longings. Mothers with babies at their heels had their morning's adventure—their morning's tragedy, it was sometimes—and retired, triumphant or dejected, with the result of the encounter in a rusty mesh bag or a greasy copy of yesterday's Vorwärts.

A policeman was looking over the scene with his usual tolerance when a furious man, agitated to the point of incoherence, claimed his atten

tion.

“Quick, come !” he shouted. “They have ruined mel Stop the women! They have spoiled my onions ! And today I have bought only onions!” The policeman followed to the scene of pushcart disaster around the corner. A crowd had gathered, attracted by the cries of the owner but all seemed orderly. The cart was piled high with onions. The vendor had evidently just started the day's trading. The policeman was puzzled.

“Well, what's the matter? They're all here, aren't they?”

“Mein Gott, yes! Not a one had I sold I I was just starting the day. Ach, and onions so hard to get. Never again will I kill myself that the women may live in plenty I Smell, smell!” for the policeman had not yet grasped the catastrophe. Children gathered closely. Women with babies gaped incredulously. The officer stooped with dignity, closing his eyes as the official nose approached the aroma.

“Kerosene !” he decided, lifting his head.

“Kerosene!” wailed the vendor. “Every onion on the cart is ruined ! Sweet and sound as nuts they were not ten minutes ago! Two women came up to me, not of this block but strangers. I know all the women about here—I scour the markets to make them happy. “How much are onions?” says one. “Twenty-eight cents,” says I, and lucky you are to come by them at that. They're hard to get.”

““Twenty-eight cents,” says she, quietly, as if she hadn't heard.

““Twenty-eight cents,” says I, thinking she wants to beat me down in my price.

““Ach, Gott help me, give me a pound,” says she. 'And mind you wrap them well in a piece of paper. I come from far.”

“I turned to get the paper under the cart. The other woman, she says nothing. I see her open a big bag, and take something out. Just a minute was I underneath, and when I looked up, already were they walking away. ‘Hey, lady, have you forgot the onions?’ I says. But they just walked into the crowd. I leaned down to see if they had swiped any, and then that smell! Mein Gott! I knew what had happened. My onions ruined, my day ruined, my kinder starving, because they do not want to pay my little price!”

The policeman jotted down notes. The crowd was breathless at the audacity. Pity for the vendor was slight compared with admiration for the strange women. No one could give descriptions. No one had seen them. The pushcarter himself could give no coherent account. No, they did not belong to the neighborhood. They were strangers sent right from the evil one.

Every policeman in the district reported similar cases that night. Scarcely an onion on the East Side had escaped its dose of kerosene that day. The damage had all been done by strangers, and in no cases could the offenders be caught. Grocers in small stores when they heard the news concealed their stock of onions and reported "All out" to inquirers.

Onions disappeared entirely from the market. Not a vendor would run the risk of losing his wares. It was a complete triumph in a way. But the onion had gone not so much down as out. The East Side missed its aroma. The satisfaction of routing it was brief. The East Side women had had their modern Boston tea-party, they had outdone the pushcarters, they had baffled the police—their natural enemies—but for a week they went onionless. The onion must be restored to the pot.

I have never learned how it was done. I know that another march to the City Hall was planned at a time extremely embarrassing for an administration seeking reelection. Such a demonstration, officials felt, must be avoided at any price. With the reappearance of the onion Mrs. Aronson added a decoration to her capable chest. I did not see her for several weeks after her tour de force. The entry into the great war had completely submerged the guerilla warfare of the East Side. It was the war, I supposed, that made Mrs. Aronson more sedate and dignified as she came into the library.

Yet something more than a sedate manner struck me. A policewoman's badge—several police women had recently been added to the force—sparkled on her bosom. As a token of derision? So I thought at first. No, it was the symbol both - of success and of capitulation. Mrs. Aronson came to represent the Department at a community council meeting. Her speech would have flowed eloquently from the mouth of a Chautauqua

patriot. She had the fervid zeal of a con
Vert.

Of late Mrs. Aronson has been coming often to the library, for her police duties ended with the war, and her clipped wings and prosperity prevent her resuming the old wild flights. She has been successful in keeping her daughter from following the flapper instincts of those around her. Bessie has a round, honest face with more freckles than I have seen on a single other New Yorker. She looks like a daughter of the prairies with her fine robustness and clear eyes. If there are signs in her plain face that she yearns for the forbidden paint and powder, bobbed hair and cape, Bessie knows better than to express the yearning to a mother who has renounced radical aims for the sake of her husband's business and the future of her children. Bessie has almost finished high school and is going to study law. Mrs. Aronson's daughter! An upholder of the law and the statutes I When Mrs. Aronson takes a flop, she flops hard.

And Louis, the firstborn and pride of her heart—what of him? Louis has grown a fine figure of a boy. His mother has the promise of an appointment to West Point. Louis has just the figure for a uniform, and Mrs. Aronson, erstwhile pacifist, would admire him in military accouterments. Of Mrs. Aronson's eighteen years in this country, she spent twelve in protesting against the existing order. Now she is ready to present a daughter to the law and a son to the upholding thereof. Can Americanization go further?

Probably there is another protestant against the high cost of living, another leader of East Side women. I am sure that she has not the same dash. There are moments when I could almost regret that prosperity and a family should have made Mrs. Aronson a tired radical, and I realize that only celibacy and the vows of poverty can keep perpetually stiff the back of the nonconformist.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. Howells

Harper's Monthly Magazine August 1918

IT must often be a question with the periodical essayist what the world will be like when his writing becomes another's reading. What, for instance, will the world be like without the sense of war which now weighs upon it like the atmospheric pressure? Will a time unimaginably but inevitably come when the dire stress shall be lifted, and will the coming of such a time be counted in days or weeks, or in years like the years which have passed already? Will that time come between this writing and that reading, between the beginning of June, say, and the ending of July? Such a prodigy would be the greatest of the prodigies that in their occurrence have benumbed perception, and wrapped the intelligence in a sort of trance in which no struggle can burst.

One cannot, without folly ask one's self if peace will never come, because peace has always come in turn with war, or without treason to the cause which has consecrated this war as no war was ever consecrated before, and which must triumph. Yet the fact of war has become so habitual that we can as well imagine the lifting of the atmospheric pressure as the removal of that weight from the spirit. The fact of it wraps us like the casing air; it has become so effectively our being that we can scarcely recall the different events or aspects in which it has superseded peace. Can any one say just where and when he first saw a man in khaki? One can as easily date the preparedness parades, now that it seems the exceptional man who is in civil dress. How distinguishable in time is the lunge of the Germans through Belgium from the assassination of our own people

in the Lusitania? Did two ears separate those events, and by what successive processes did the American mind evolve the purpose of doing justice upon the murderer-nation in our stupefaction from that horror? Was there once really a question with many of us whether there was not some right on the side of the enemy who was as much against us at the beginning as now? How long is it since the mother who now self-devotedly gives her son to the country was singing 'I did not raise my boy to be a soldier'? The change which we cannot date is no more questionable than the fact that the last election turned in favor of the President who "kept us out of war," and whom we have now eagerly followed into it and whole-heartedly trust to guide us through it. Was there once actually a mood of their madness when the Germans imagined that we could be taught that their barbarity was the ultimate form of civilization? Just when did the doctrine of the German apostolate turn to the insult of German diplomacy?

We cannot seize the past and separate its particulars from the mass, or satisfyingly date them; and the most we can do with the present is to realize our experience of the national mobilization in such phases, vague and desultory as have shown themselves to each of us. One, for instance, who arrived with the spring of this writing when it came slowly up from the latitudes where it had been summer all winter, found a solidarity in the effect from South to North which could not have been imagined of their long disaffection. It was a vision, brokenly glimpsed, of our people in their fraternization with the allied peoples beyond seas, though in the retrospect our mobilization really began with the invasion of Belgium. Nobody ever truly believed, no matter how fondly so many fancied, that we could be kept out of the war if the war kept on; and the battle-planes which the northern witness

left soaring in the sky of all but southernmost Florida seemed to have been as wonted there as if they had mounted at the sound of the first un fired upon the defenders of Liege. It was in all but northernmost Florida that the khaki clad conscripts began their frequentation of the streets, and one began to see them full of the beauty of their youth, with that look of goodness in their faces which was as if reflected from their mothers' faces, but was yet their very own, and which, if it could be kept somehow, would remain the composite likeness of the embattled nation. They pervaded the old Spanish town which is our oldest American town, and then they ceased from sight; but one night they were heard, in the darkness of a train halted on a siding, singing and laughing in 'a pause of their progress toward some nameless port to take ship for some other nameless port beyond seas. The sound of their young voices followed the northern traveler, and then with the daylight their faces came visibly back in the camps which increased from the dawning onward—camps unreal in their sort of metallic inflexibility, with the ranks deploying in morning drill before the rigid successions of outline in the can tonments.

When this effect passed the sense of national unity returned with the individuality of the youth in khaki. This was felt best when the scene changed from the litical to the commercial capital, and the chemistry of New York reduced to its several atoms the life consolidated at Washington. Amid the overwhelming prevalence of civil dress the khaki ceased to characterize the swarming multitude; its wearers were no more mobilized than the civilians in the tremendous emotioning of the days when the French comrades of our own veterans from the battle-fronts, and the Australians and Canadians joined in the drive for the Liberty Loan, and symbolized

the alliance for Liberty throughout the world. They brought the war home to us, and yet the war lost rather than gained reality from their visit; it became part of the holiday of their welcome; it was like the rejoicing of a victorious peace. It was when one lost sight of the strange faces and uniforms of these generous comrades, and glimpsed now and then a son and mother walking silently apart from the turmoil that the impossible fact of the war became verity again with the heartache of it. Such a son and mother in their segregation passed where no unification of high intents could companion them, but they were mobilized in the vision of their self-devotion to the great cause, and were as the spirits of the dead who have died for the right. Above all others they had the American look; but the exaltation of our youth had little of the hilarity or impetuosity imaginable of those bound on their great adventure. What one saw in their shapely and comely faces was the seriousness, the solemnity of the supreme hour, which had come to them and had not passed. But there is an eternal peace which washes the bloody coasts of all the wars and cleanses them of the misdeeds which are as the sands of them. Perhaps it is the essential incredibility of its cruelty which disables the mind from separately accepting the events of any war and leaves this worst of wars a mass of wickedness which no chemistry is capable of reducing to its components. Can any one say what the worst wickedness of the Germans has been? If you choose one there are always other crimes which contest your choice. We used at first to fix the guilt of them upon the Kaiser, but eventually we have come to realize that no man or order of men can pervert a whole people without their complicity. There was a moment when we thought that this or that sort of German was incapable of the things which the have

all shown themselves capable of, or so 'nearly all that the exceptions have not appeared. There have been rumors of dissent from the faith which is always seeking and finding precipitation in some atrocity, but these rumors never harden into fact. It seems the doom of a whole people to go from bad to worse, and to mislead the peoples whom they have converted by their friendship or spared by their cruel mercies. The Turk is a worse Turk with their favor than he would be without it, and it is doubtful if the followers of Mohammed would not be better Christians than the worshipers of the Old German God whom the Teutonic theologians have latterly discovered, if they were not partakers of the Germans' crimes. In their static nature these crimes

seem to have occurred in mass-formation and not separately; there is still the apparent simultaneity in them which there was from the beginning, and the continual purpose of evil forbids a distinctive cognizance of them. The bewildered observance fails to time the first crimes in their due priority. Were the air raids of London with their slaughter of women and children in their homes earlier or later than the long-distance bombardment of Paris with its butchery of women and children in their churches? What is to change the nature of the Kultur which binds its victims in the delusion of an inhuman patriotism so that they cannot change with the passing of the days and years? Are they hopelessly forbidden to learn from the experience of all other mankind that the greatest good of life is charity, and with it modesty, so that they cannot learn from kindness to themselves that kindness to others is of like preciousness? What is the fell magic which holds them liege to their oppression in a dream of ruthless dominion, and makes them as eager to shed their own blood as the blood of their fellow-men? What has

so possessed their souls with the love of their own slavery that they should wish to die in the endeavor to make it universal, and so holds them to it that they cannot wish to break from it?

Our own democracy is often the camouflage of demagoguery, but there is always so much kindness in it, so much hospitality that it welcomes the alien to a friendship unknown elsewhere in the world; and what is it, in the nature of the allegiance he was born to that makes the German alien, after years of American kindness, remain fast German, and willing to suffer for German tyranny as if it were something holy? What is it so infects his people that they should willingly devote themselves to the betrayal and destruction of those they have lived neighborly among? What fell necromancy had so abused the minds of Americans that there should have been Pro-Germans among us up to the moment when their delusion became treason? The questions detach themselves from the mass of experience accumulated in the four years of the horror which has possessed the world, and they are as leading as when they were fresh wounds. They pierce the new life of the nation, the consciousness of our unity with the world-in-arms against the world-danger, as they did not when we held aloof and tried to ignore our part of it. They are as centrifugal as the single facts. Thrown off by the mass of our unification with the nations allied for liberty, which re-embodies themselves in it. With its collective significance. Three Highland pipers stretched on the grass of a New York square expressed our kinship with the British Empire, which we had renounced; the sidelong glimpse of a passing French poilu claimed us of the Revolution 'which our Revolution in' spread; a little company of Canadian infantrymen met in a Boston hotel became of our America, and two of them who swung in upon crutches were as if

of our neighborhood, our household, our kindred. They had come to help in the Red Cross Drive, and if they had been Italians or Belgians or Portuguese they would have been of the same fraternity. They had become of our Universal Yankee Nation and they could never disown us any more than we could deny them for they were of our faith in the liberty and equality which we had come into the formation of the world to proclaim and maintain.

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THE SOUL OF FIGHTING FRANCE

*Some Spiritual Experiences And
War-Time Superstitions*

By Nina Larrey Duryea

President of the Duryea War Relief

Harper's Magazine September, 1918

GERMANY has prosecuted this war for material profit by force of intellect, highly developed along scientific lines, but utterly devoid of spiritual co-operation.

The mentality of her masses has been permitted to reach only the point of comprehension without initiative, and they have remained outside that magic circle where the finer powers of the soul give counsel and balance, raising men above the level of clever brutes. Germany's ambition was to do evil well; and this she has accomplished with astuteness and far-reaching efficiency, enabling her people to play their atrocious parts without revolt or shame. But in France it is the soul which dominates her martyrdom. Her highly developed intellectuality is undisputed. Bismarck himself said that France was the only civilized nation; but her civilization is a secondary factor in her indomitable force.

loftier and finer perceptions, its power to endure, its indifference to material ne-

cessities, is defeating German intellectuality. Never, in the history of man, has the superior force of the soul been so clearly exemplified.

All religions are an expression of faith, though dogma through the ages has dimmed its purity. But this war has cleared the spiritual vision in France, and beauties of the soul, once dim and evasive, have become real and near, lending the individual a dignity and

The spirit, with its poise which renders life a privilege and death merely a natural and kindly deliverance from an inadequate body. Under conditions which permit death so free a hand, living has gained an impetus unknown before, because of the nobility of the purpose animating all men. It has enabled them to surmount every disaster and to survive. Whereas in peace natural forces would have succumbed. France, having sacrificed every material thing which makes life possible, lives on, calm, strong, her spirit walking with God above that bloody arena where civilization welters breast to breast with German kultur.

This flowering of the soul of France affects different classes in different ways, but one common result is evident—a greater intimacy, not only between men of all classes, but a greater intimacy with their own souls. Living for an ideal in constant proximity to the next world, each man feels a certain new intimacy

with God. His religion means more to him, but its forms he has learned to do without if necessity compels. A poilu, when asked how he did without a priest for confession at the front, replied: "Ah, madame, these things arrange themselves." If there is no priest at hand, I confess directly to the good God. And I have come to love the intimacy." He voiced the general trend. He had become more intimate with God and incidentally with his own soul.

Among the peasant class superstition retains its place, but that also has undergone a change. The people are becoming dimly aware of forces which the more educated classes include in their vocabulary on psychology. The future state is no longer a simple matter of two conditions, good or evil; for both life and death have become more complex. Fear of the latter has disappeared and the poilu, lying in a shell-crater under bursting shells, thinks less of hell than of heaven; less of the devil's horns, hoofs, and tail than of angels affectionately disposed toward him, awaiting to escort his soul to Paradise.

But the poilu's conception of Paradise has also undergone a change. Eternity is no longer compassed by an abyss of horror below and a realm of unending bliss above, for each man is inventing theories of his own, of course quite in keeping with the ethics of the Church. One bears on every side such expressions as "When I go on." Or, "Tell my wife that I shall remain near her, and to fear nothing." Or, "The good God would surely not take me so far away that I could not watch the battle and know the result."

The writer, assisted by a one-legged hero in a weather-stained uniform, was caring for a lonely grave in the Somme. He had survived many Hun onslaughts; his wife was a slave in Germany, his home a blackened ruin, and his children, God only knew where. He contem

plated the rough cross with a smile.

"Madame, never believe that such as be are dead. No! they live, and not far away yonder among the clouds, but here, close to us, part of us. Their souls mingle with our souls, lending them added strength. With each battalion of living men there is another battalion of souls which lead us to victory. The Germans have not these battalions, for they have no souls. Therefore, when a Boche dies, his usefulness is ended. Our dead remain with us, making us greater than our natural selves. How do I know? Ah! men learn strange things on battle-fields. Does not every man know that the battle of the Marne was won by the dead?"

This astonishing statement is not unique. One meets such ideas couched in different terms in all classes. No less a personage than the military commandant of Roye affirmed that the battle of the Marne was a miracle. He was not particularly orthodox in his religious faith; rather he was a free thinker, but he assured me that no military explanation for the flight of the Hun was technically adequate. A high military official at Verdun last June affirmed this same belief, adding with conviction that the war would end suddenly by a similar manifestation of divine control. A professor of the Sorbonne remarked:

"When will this war end? I know not, but suddenly it will vanish as quickly as it burst upon us, for, God having taught France to endure sorrow with dignity and patience, German force will become as running water."

One black night at Rambervillers, where every chink of light was obliterated that taubes might not find their way, I was taken to the exact spot where the Teutonic hordes had turned and fled, within ten minutes' walk from that large, rich, and feebly defended town. Its terrified inhabitants had listened to that grim tread along the road. Sud

denly there had been a silence, then a medley of sound, cries, sharp orders shouted in vain. And on that road, among meek apple-trees, there was an icy flight, unreasoning terror, as those mighty hosts fled back along the route they had come in wild disorder, regardless of all else save self-preservation from—what? They passed through villages like stampeding brutes, ignoring everything save flight. White faces peered from shuttered windows at faces no less blanched than their own as that dreaded enemy passed and vanished into the night.

I questioned a cure, a doctor, a shop man and his wife, and French soldiers, and they gave no other explanation for this phenomenon than that other than military forces were responsible. Later, I questioned a German prisoner, and his reply was to the effect that the devil had disguised himself as a general and thus brought disaster to the German troops. The ordinary French poilu thinks little and reasons less, but his intuitions are highly developed. Hudson affirms that the gray matter of the brain is merely the result of a corporeal necessity, evolved by that necessity to serve the body only. He also affirms that a finer, inner intelligence is baffled and restricted by the intellect and remains too little utilized. Thus, the very absence of intellectual development leaves that force freer to act, as when a bird finds last year's nest across the world. Those saints who laid claim to the power of performing miracles were rarely highly educated, which perhaps explains why modern life produces so few saints. Free education, public libraries, telephones, and telegraphs open men's eyes, but perhaps cloud the soul. In France it is largely the uneducated people who seem to live in greater intimacy with the other world. Their confidence in and respect for unseen powers is a force to be reckoned with. It lends them super

human strength, renders them indomitable, as Germany has discovered to her cost; enables them to sacrifice everything they possess, all they love, endure martyrdom with equanimity, accept disaster with a large faith in ultimate readjustment, and accomplish these wonders with an utter modesty and simplicity which have won the admiration of the world—even of Germany. They have retained faith in the beneficent intentions of the Creator and bless Him as the giver of all good things, though their gardens may

explode shells and the roof of their home reposes in a water-filled cellar. The old and the young fill battle-scarred churches, and prayer and praise still ascend as intense to skies reddened by their burning villages.

At Baccarat in the Vosges back of the battle-line I attended vespers in the roofless, windowless cathedral. Snow drifted down on black-robed women, and among broken pillars soldiers knelt, preparing their souls for a possible death on the morrow. From the broken altar where no lights gleamed the intoning voice of the priest rose and fell, invoking aid and comfort for those heroic and bereft people. The very spirit of France brooded there, surmounting horror, ignoring booming guns, rising triumphant to heaven whose august dome roofed tragedy.

Among the broken masonry of a little square in the midst of which a crucifix remained unmarred, an old woman knelt at prayer. In outstretched hands she showed only a crop of wheat lifted to the pitiful Christ what, to her, represented all her remaining fortune her last potato, which, when she rose, she laid at His feet. I asked her why, and she replied, "Alas! I have no more potatoes, and did not the Christ assure us that we should receive that for which we prayed?"

Needless to say she received, and who

shall say that my wandering feet were not controlled by a beneficent force to prove her faith was not in vain? But faith is not the prerogative of the poor and ignorant. The wise who thought their wisdom precluded belief have come also into a spiritual kingdom. A great surgeon whose name is well known to the world showed me through wards where men who had almost been blown to pieces lay in peace. No disinfectant burdened the air, no white faces were twisted with that familiar effort to suppress cries of agony which wring the heart more than sound. I asked the surgeon to show me through a microscope those minute organisms which moved through a gray void—the malignant in pursuit of the weaker which were hunted and killed, exactly as Germany has pursued and destroyed weaker nations. I turned to him with discouragement, saying: “It is war, monsieur. It pervades creation. It is evidently a natural law and humanity has no escape. Where is a benevolent Providence and where is the soul of man?” One should remember this great scientist’s reply. “Madame, before this war I was a confirmed questioner and doubter. With all my intellect I searched men’s bodies for some proof of the existence of a soul, and found none. I fell back on two codes: that might is right and that the strongest law of the material world is that of self-preservation. Like Germany, I founded my creed upon such fallacies, omitting and denying any spiritual factor. But I learned better, for there is another law abroad in the world to-day which cannot be denied—a law as old as the creation of man. Tell me, madame, why are you here? Why am I here? Why are these wards filled with broken men who do not complain, though they have sacrificed every material thing for an ideal? Why are fastidious women scrubbing filthy bodies in

hospitals and sending those they love to die, while they and their children endure every hardship? Why does that bulwark of human flesh along our frontiers hold year after year at bay forces of superior physical strength? Why does the civilized world (which does not include Germany, who fights for profit) sacrifice every material thing, that unborn generations may possess happiness and peace? Why does humanity give up wealth with prodigality and personal ambitions sometimes dearer than life itself? Why does this gigantic struggle continue when peace might be had at the price of dishonor?

“Because, madame, there is a force stronger than any law of the material world—the force of the spirit! It controls man to-day; it controls destiny; it will decide that this sphere is not a mote spinning through space inhabited by a highly developed animal called man, but a theater of events pertaining to the spirit—a mighty force, sublime, part of God Himself. The first time I saw a battle-field cleaned up under the stars I seemed to see, above the pieces of rent human flesh, radiant angels trying to make me understand that the death of the body was a perfectly unimportant and insignificant thing—that it was not how a man died, but what he died for, that mattered.”

Thus, if we could eliminate as unimportant the destruction of the material and remember only the spiritual force at work, even war would lose its horror. Rather, one would realize that never in the history of the world has the soul’s beauty and power been so predominant as when bodies are being blown to pieces on so vast a scale. Humanity is proving that “self-preservation” is not the law, but that the ideal is the law, and it is the soul which overcomes the former and upholds the latter. Much has been said regarding the Angels of Mons and but little proved,

though in these days it is unwise to deny that anything is possible, for the horizon of mental and spiritual research is ever widening. After all, man's five feeble, inadequate senses are pitiful material with which to comprehend the universe. What we do know is but the shadow of realities beyond our understanding, and yet we are prone to deny what we cannot understand. It is easier than to search for truth and Hatters our self love to build our knowledge on mythical hypotheses. As a certain general remarked when alluding to the Angels of Mons: "It is no more absurd to believe in such manifestations than for our forebears to have scoffed to derision the possibility of men walking upside down on the earth's surface and not falling off into space. Later the law of gravitation was discovered, which made a seeming miracle become a natural procedure. There are doubtless other laws which also may explain or reveal 'miracles.' " There have sprung to notice in France so-called "prophets," not the charlatans who for five francs will foretell romantic or heroic events amid terra-cotta plush divans and Egyptian deities made in Manchester. These do indeed ply a lively trade, and crystal-gazing, palmistry, and astrology thrive on the credulous. The law winks at them, for, as an official explained, "they assist in keeping up the courage of the ignorant, because no fortune-teller would be so disinterestedly tactless as to prognosticate anything but fame, love, and fortune for value received."

But around camp-fires, amid the wreckage of villages, strange tales are told of prophecies come true. M lies directly on the firing-line, with Germans all about on surrounding hills. They hold another village not more than two miles away, within walking distance from where M is surely a temptation to shells. It is said that an old man, whose only daughter was carried

off by a German officer, cursed him before his own life was forfeited and prophesied that not one rood farther would the Huns ever advance. He defied them with his last breath, saying that M would remain untaken and untouched within sight of German guns, and, although nearly three years have passed, this prophecy has held true. The fact remains that M remains intact and its inhabitants live their lives in apparent fearless security. The writer climbed up on to No Man's Land from a trench near the town, with only a thick fog between it and the German lines across the sodden field. And yet, except for being forbidden to speak and being ordered to walk ten paces apart, that no massed shadow might betray our presence, no other precaution was taken save to don a gas mask and steel helmet. The faith of the soldiery so effectively communicated itself that not even a pleasurable thrill of fear added to the piquancy of the situation, and we reached our goal conscious only of that silent line of incarnate hate which coils across those hills and valleys, apparently baffled and impotent. In the evacuated region one heard of a woman of education who, eight months before America declared war, had lost her mind from too much suffering. It was said she possessed the gift of prophecy. One evening this distraught creature appeared in our garden where Kultur had cut down trees, uprooted currant and rose bushes, and polluted the well. The woman wandered to and fro unmolested, as though searching for something, until she reached an American soldier who had neither moved nor spoken. Becoming aware of his presence, she asked, "Who are you?" He saluted and replied, "An American soldier fighting for France." "Perhaps you can help me," she said. "I had four sons. One lies beneath the snows of the Vosges; one rots on the bed

of the sea; one fell from heaven, I know not where, and one—lay here, on my ‘breast, soft and warm and-mine. But strange men came with spikes on their heads. There were great noises, raging, and cruel happenings. At last there was a vast noise and blackness. When it assed I saw my baby lying in pieces. hose men kicked the pieces and laughed and then put them in a box and took them away. Can you tell me where they are?”

Without waiting for a reply, the woman walked on, peering about for that box which held the baby she had loved. Again she approached the soldier and as, though for the first time, she said, “Who are you P” and again he made the same reply. Then a dawning comprehension seemed to pierce her brain and she touched his sleeve and groped over the national insignia of his rank as she reiterated the word—“American.” Then she stepped backward and with up raised arms burst into a sort of biblical rhapsody:

“A great host shall come in numbers like the stars of heaven. The sea shall bear them. Justice shall be upon their banners and Liberty shall be their cry. Their tread shall shake the fortresses of the proud. The great King shall hide his face in fear and shall seek for safety and find none, for the curses of his people shall rise like flames about him and he shall walk in the blood of his children. Hasten the comin of that mighty host, O Lord God! IVTake clear their way. Let the shining presence of our glorious dead be about them, for they shall bring—peace!” She moved away, searching for her dead baby. It is to be remembered that she could have had no knowledge of America’s entry into the war.

One is frequently asked whether France is tired of the war. In a sense she is, as is the whole world, including those who instigated it. But France

has left others to prate of peace. Those waves of gray, helmeted men who twice have swept northern France, leaving a spume of blood on their inevitable retreat, have to reckon with a spiritual force which they neither understand nor consider at its proper value. Since war began, the French have usually been outnumbered, yet remain undefeated. When the Huns were speeding through Italy like a knife through cheese, it was the shabby poilu who was largely responsible for their arrest. When England’s glorious army was being forced nearer and nearer the Channel, contesting every inch with sublime courage, again it was the poilu who stemmed the tide. His stocky body in its weather stained, untidy uniform is ever the barrier against disaster. But that body is not the prime factor, but rather the spirit which animates it.

One finds running all through the armies of France the deeply rooted belief that they are chosen by God to kill and kill and kill Germans till that race is purged of its sin in its own blood. The poilu will count on his battered fingers the number of Huns he can account for, not with malice, but satisfaction, as of a duty well done. An officer will point out German graves from his saddle without a trace of vindictiveness as: “So many!” saying, “It is long, our task, but we have all the time there is to do it in.” The French soldier, paid five cents per day for the privilege of being blown into eternity, lives through the years of war in cold, mud, want, hunger, and finally dies with cheerful equanimity, absolutely certain that God will not count his sacrifices vain, but that later, just a little later, the great and shall be accomplished toward which the soldier did his part.

It is a common thing for these poilus to claim that they see visions, and very proud is the man who can recount his experience with the occult. In St.-Dié

sector the Christ is said to pass through the trenches the night before an attack. That sacred Wraith in trailing, luminous garments, a glory about Its head, bends here and there, touching men who smile in their sleep and awake convinced that their hour to die is near. And they arise and go forth under screaming shells with calm acceptance. Later in a first base hospital deep in some dugout, while a surgeon probes for a bit of metal in that mangled body, a feeble hand will wave protest and lips will lead: "Let me go in peace. The hite Christ came for me last night." So well known is this superstition that a gaudily colored postcard is sold among the rear trenches, and many a woman has received one soon after the death of her husband or her son.

This apparent intimacy with spiritual powers gives the poilu dignity in his own estimation. He feels a bigger, stronger man than the Hun without a soul. In the Somme, the writer visited a number of cemeteries where the dead had rested in peace through many generations—until the Boches came. Then the tombs of the rich were blown open and the graves of the poor dug open that a wedding-ring or some trifle of value might be stolen. Those emptied graves gaped to the sky their silent protest against German kultur.

The culture of France is of another order. Not a German grave in that region is untended. In my garden at Roye there were three graves of German officers beside two dead French soldiers, each and all edged with privet and each with its inscribed cross. I asked the old woman who cared for them if she felt no bitterness.

She replied: "God and I think that a dead man has no nationality. Besides, madame, we who have souls may well pity those who have none. A dead German is dead and can do no more harm. Even the devil has no further

use for him."

Therefore, when a Frenchman kills a German, it is as though he killed a rat or any other unclean pest, and he does it without rancor, but as speedily as may be, that the earth may be rid of that pest and become fit to live in. The poilu thinks little these days of Alsace and Lorraine, the lost coal-fields of France, indemnities, or political chicanery. The map of the world fails to interest him, and the government is a body which has his disapproval but little of his thought. On a certain occasion an ex-apache, who as a soldier had attained a Croix dz Guerra', remarked: "Break the law? La! La! La! Why not? They are made by men no better than I. But here at the front I: bon Dieu is one's neighbor. One has to look sharp not to ofi'end Him."

This spiritual evolution in France has a wider significance than merely awakened faith and mysticism. It is transforming the relationship between classes. At lunch one day Prince de L y remarked, ruefully: "My valet has won the Légion d'llomzzur while I have only the Croix d: Guerra. How can I ever again ask him to black my boots?"

When a people is rising to heights where self is forgotten and pursuit of an ideal animates all classes, the result is an upheaval which will necessitate final re adjustment. In France it is no longer what a man has, or what his ancestors were, but what the individual it. His soul is his principal asset, for the soul makes the man. Already one realizes that class distinctions are becoming vague; past prejudices, prerogatives, envy, bitterness are put aside in the spiritual largesse. Where once each man's inner life—which, after all, is the real lifHvaded comprehension, present understanding has swept barriers away.

The peasant has discovered that the

man offashion who feared a draught and wore galoshes can grow hard and brown and a good sort amid the grime and danger of trench life. Vermin, soaked straw for a bed, water-clogged boots, and a coating of mud appear to agree with the fine gentleman whose hands are no longer manicured and who cheerfully rinses his tin plate. The peasant learns, to his astonishment, that mon ~sieur may be as homesick for his wife and baby as he himself and that he has the same standards of life in many ways. On the other hand, monsieur finds Jacques a delightful comrade, some thing of a philosopher, invariably witty, and sharing his own gallantry for the ladies. Monsieur speaks to his former servant as man enfant, using "thee" and "thou" affectionately, and can, at a pinch, replace with secular consolation an absent priest, speeding Jacques on his upward way to heaven with tearful affection, embraces, and respect. They have rought side by side, prayed together before a common shrine, perhaps huddled together in some shell hole below German search-lights, confiding strange experiences with death, their neighborliness to God and His a'ngels, with the mutual hope that the Madonna may keep her eye on their children, whose own mother, being with the Huns, can no longer care for them. .

German disciplinarians would shudder to see monsieur lift Jacques to his saddle while he walked beside him, or to see an officer slap a poilu on the back and chaff him on his latest flirtation. German propriety would wince to hear Jacques allude to his great maréchal as "Papa Joffre." It illustrates a significant difference between French ethics and German kultur that when a decoration is bestowed in France an embrace goes with it, and not one kiss, but two from the lips of the general on the weather

beaten cheeks of the soldier, doubtless well scrubbed for the occasion. Can the civilized world fancy Hindenburg kissing a German peasant? France has no self consciousness when its soul honors the great soul of an individual.

In the Somme the French government loaned five Boche prisoners for heavy work. One of them, Fritz, aged twenty eight, was uncommonly intelligent and even perused Daudet during the hour of rest among the few bushes not uprooted in the garden, where trees had been cut down and the well polluted. It is for bidden to hold converse with prisoners, but a lenient commandant permitted discourse with Fritz, whose confidence was gradually won by hot coffee, sugar, and American chewing-gum.

One day he was asked, "What do you really think of your Kaiser?"

An odd expression twisted his features and slowly he turned his face to the right and—spat! once. '

That reply not being quite clear, he was asked, "Vhat do you think of your Crown-Prince?"

Slowly he turned his head to the left and—spat! twice. ' .

I replied: "Ah, now I understand, Fritz! We are of the same opinion.

Tell me what you really think of the situation."

It was like taking a cork out of a bottle of champagne. He ran to peep over the wall for listeners, and then, casting aside his sullen stolidity as though a garment which had too long disguised and encumbered the actual man, Fritz spoke, fists in air, with vigor.

"Madame, in yonder prison across your alley there are three hundred and forty-eight men. Not one of us knew till we came to France that we were the only army trained by a system of personal insult and abuse. We did not know that there were officers who ltd their men over the top. We are driven, with an automatic at our backs. I,

twenty-eight years old, have had to stand at salute while a boy officer slapped one side of my face and then the other, kicking me from his presence as though I was indeed the swine he called me, because the edge of my cuff was soiled. Perhaps madame fancies me a traitor to my country. No! I am no traitor to her, but I curse her methods and those in power who rind us to the dust that they may rule. hey will cause the ruin of my beloved fatherland where no man is free save those at the top. My comrades and I speak much of the future, for now we hope to live, being prisoners; but not many of us will ever return to the fatherland unless there are chances there. You ask what we will do? I know not, but we desire to go to America.”

And so the soul of Germany is not quite dead, for it has been quickened by the soul of France.

Among the sand-dunes of Brittany superstition finds fertile soil. Bretons are less French than any other class in France, having retained their own language, customs, and beliefs. They have as little fear of death as have pagans, though they are deeply religious. A cemetery is a place where children play, and on fete-days it is the meeting-place for gossips and swains. Relatives go always once a week with flowers to deck the graves and tidy the wee shrines above them as they do their own homes.

A Breton apparently is not entirely convinced that the dead has really departed to another world, but behaves as though the lost one were still near, hearing, seeing, and interested in his former associates. A discreet watcher will hear a widow say in a pleasant, conversational tone, while tending the grave:

“Was the rain cold on thee last night? I thought of thee when I lay with the children in our snug bed behind the lattice. Perhaps thou wouldst care to

hear that Jean has twins. That has proved a happy marriage, though Marie had no other dot than her good looks. Also, the apple crop is of an excellence and next week we begin to make cider. Au reair, my well-beloved. Sleep well, for all goes well and I have money in my stocking.”

With a tender pat on the cross she will return home to her hard life, consoled by this chat with her husband. But this war has brought forth a new crop of superstitions which do not make for comfort. A wounded poilu brought home a German helmet with vast pride and pleasure, and was chagrined when his spouse would have none of it. Was not that helmet impregnated with the diabolical powers of a child of Satan? Keep it in the house? *famair de la vie!* If a bit of St. Cecilia's robe could work good, a Boche helmet would work evil. The offending relic was filled with stones and sunk into the sea, and the curé was then called to purify the house.

German prisoners mend the roads of Brittany and are decently treated by their captors, but civilians avoid them as though they were an infectious and deadly pest. Children stare at them from afar with fascinated horror, and women who have washed for them suffer boycott. The writer found a peasant, bitterly poor, who was splitting a chair into kindling-wood because a Hun had sat in it.

No civilian dares to nurse a Boche. but the Sisters, once again back in their domain after years of exile, soothe the last moments of a dying Hun.

These convent hospitals, whose windows boast no glass, because taxation in certain departments is gauged by windows with glass, have rarely any heat save pale sunshine throughout the winter. Mist and rain drift through the windows on pitiful pallets with straw mattresses, and for months in the beginning of the war no chloroform soft

ened pain in those long, stone-paved, stone-walled wards. Moonlight is believed to purify and heal, and often wounds are opened to its beneficent influence.

Old age in Brittany is revered, both from natural sentiment and from a selfish desire to placate those who soon may "tell tales to God." Money is put aside for elaborate funerals that the dead may arrive in Paradise in a good humor. These people rarely see a newspaper and glean their knowledge of war solely from rare letters. The sea is believed to be a sort of barometer of affairs at the front, and when it beats in fury along that dramatic coast the Bretons cross themselves and tremble, for does that not mean the Huns are again disturbing God's world?

It is a healthy sign of a broadening of spiritual brotherhood that the East Indians are treated with respect and consideration. Their peculiar dignity of bearing coupled with their native refinement makes them popular. As an officer remarked, "The sun never saw a vulgar Indian." They have every facility given them to follow their religious rites and customs; cooking their own food untouched by polluting Christian hands. Their dead are buried in their own graveyards, faces to the east, while the living have been promised that those sacred inclosures shall never be disturbed. Now and then one sees an Indian, lithe as a panther, peering in at the open door of a cathedral with wistful interest. As Krishna said many hundreds of years ago, "What matters the road if it leads to God?"

The spiritual development of children in France is a sadder theme. Happiness is the prerogative of childhood, the basis of its development, without which the soul of a child can no more flower than a rose without sunshine. But children have been born throughout France into poverty, fear, want, and

suffering. In those devastated districts, or huddled in vast refugees' sheds in Paris, children have forgotten how to laugh and have not learned to play. Often their lives have unfolded in damp cellars or bomb- roof shelters, their sleep broken by siliells and their days one long, paralyzing terror. Save for those who remain to love them, humanity is represented by cruel men with spiked helmets whose words were curses and whose gestures were blows. A tactless word might mean death; and darkness, deep in the earth, was better than smoked-filled streets above, where moving armies, explosions, and torn bodies made hell on earth. Often their mothers were carried off by those brutish men in carts, pleading in vain against separation from the huddled, frightened little ones who held out arms to them in pitiful faith that mothers could always prevent their being left alone in the big, uncomprehended world. But childish loneliness remained unconsolated, and, like leaves in a storm, they drifted out upon that strange void where dangers lurked and fear became their daily portion.

The curé, if not shot, endeavored to tell them of a Christ all love, of a God all-powerful, of saints and angels who watched over them to whom they must still pray. Doubtless for a time their prayers did mount above the reek of din and dust while bombs made debris of their homes. Doubtless they watched for miracles for which they prayed, but which were never wrought, so far as they could see, in their favor. Dim memories of happier times faded. The Holy Mother and her Baby became to them only a shattered image on a ruined altar. The rustle of angels' wings, for which their mother had bade them listen when sleepy eyes closed, was lost in the crashing of their world. Germany's spiked heel trod faith in such beauties out of memory and spirit, for nowhere in that

ruined world could they find love, peace, and security. To them the Christ became a dim memory coupled with cathedral aisles, kneeling figures under a solemn nave, and that mystical, prickling silence which stilled laughter, yet brought a strange joy.

And simpler faiths also faded. All the sweet imagery of childhood vanished away. Shell-craters replaced the magic fairy-ring; bluebells no longer rang for fairy weddings. Days were long when there were no longer dolls to love and dress, and to "play soldier" might bring death, as it did in Belgium to a six-year old boy. St. Nicholas never came to blackened hearths. He, too, had vanished into that happy past when there had been a father who could spoil and chide and a tender mother who tied a ribbon in one's hair for Mass.

Among Germany's heavy responsibilities, none is weightier than the dwarfed and stunted souls of the children of France. If their faith is stronger in the devil than in the loving God, the Hun is to blame. If ambition, fearless honesty, self-respect, and mental and physical vigor are absent, Germany should pay. Let America, while pitying and consoling those bereft victims of kultur, look to it that Germany does pay.

When being shown through a ruined village by a small boy dangling between crutches (thanks to a German shell) we paused before the shattered altar of the little church. He was dressed in American gifts and vastly proud of them, and was repaying by much agreeableness. "Madame, the curé used to tell me that all good things came from le bon Dieu who lived yonder in that shrine. But madame sees that the Boches have destroyed God's house, so that He can no longer with comfort live there. Now, as madame has brought me from America these boots of great beauty, this worthy shirt, and incomparable trousers, may it not be that God has gone

to America to take up His residence there?"

Throughout those scarred battle fields, among rusted barbed wire and crumbling trenches, Nature is doing her best to soften the grim reminders of war. One's attention is frequently called to the unusual size of poppies here and there, and one is assured that beneath always lies a soldier of France. Near by poppies are smaller, feebler, less poignant and aflame. The poppy belie affirms that the red blood of that hero's body has risen triumphant from death in beauty and vigor, through Nature's eternal resurrection. Gallant hearts might beat no more, lips be silent, limbs no longer spring to assault; but up through the sod comes their hearts' blood spilled for France.

It has been said that architecture records the spiritual history of nations. Perhaps the greatest tragedy as felt by France is the destruction of her architectural treasures. Through the centuries of semi-civilization, though war has oiled her, barbarians spared sacred edifices. Not until German kultur crossed her frontiers did they suffer. Rheims! It was the core of the soul of France. Its architecture was wrought with ray. Faith made its foundation, heroic deeds paved that glorious nave, and through its jeweled windows heaven itself colored its mighty pillars. Humanity has the hope that God will judge it by its aspirations rather than by its deeds, but the aspiration of spiritual France became existent and materialized in Rheims. An aroma of holiness breathes from every stone, and wreathed about its shrine are all the harmonies.

When the first German shell struck Rheims a shudder shook the very soul of France as though the throne of God had been smitten by violence. As other blasphemous shells destroyed its angels, shattered its saints, and made mock of

the Christ high above its altar, a desire for vengeance was born. The Hun had blundered again, for rage is a more potent force than patriotism when for a spiritual ideal. Each explosion reached the outer rim of France. The rich and the poor, the simple and the wise, became bound by a closer bond. Every man's sword took a keener edge, women shed fewer tears for those who died to punish the iconoclast, and children took comfort in remembering that God was stronger than the Hun. Thus the soul of France sprang to newer life. Germany forged a new weapon to be turned against herself when she destroyed Rheims, and her future generations will doubtless blush for that monument to their own barbarism. Should nothing remain of Rheims but memory, it will endure as though still echoing the clear young voice of Jeanne d'Arc. Yet men who scarce recall the faith of their child

hood refound it in one up-leaping shock of amazement that there lived minds so ignoble. Those to whom love of country means hate of her enemies have discovered a stronger sentiment in reverence. Those unaffected by beauty suddenly found themselves its worshiper, and he who lived only for the present realized that the past was its maker.

Because the past produced such glories as Rheims a new ambition has awakened in France to make the present no less a marvel, and France is accomplishing this miracle, not by work of human hands, but by the vigor of its soul, for where the stones of Rheims were inarticulate save for what they implied, so the martyrdom of France is a triumphant chant of ultimate victory through the indomitable power of her own soul.

THE INTELLECTUAL BLOCKADE OF GERMANY

By J. Anton De Haas
The Nation Jan. 12, 1921

SHORT notice in the New York Times of November 7 contains the information that the German Government is considering the advisability of closing three of its universities. "It is said this step would be taken for reasons of economy, and that it would be possible to support financially the universities of Cologne, Bonn, Heidelberg, and Karlsruhe." If this notice is true, as undoubtedly it is, we are here given a glimpse of one of the most serious problems of after-war readjustment which Germany faces. The cause of education, and with it the entire intellectual class, has suffered a severe set-back in practically all the European countries as a result of the enormous increase in the cost of materials, equipment, and the necessities of life, on the one hand, and the inability of the governments to increase their appropriations on the other. The result is the same in every country—underpaid professors, libraries

inadequately supplied, laboratories poorly equipped, and, more serious still, a wholesale desertion from the ranks of the disciples of science to those of trade and even skilled labor.

The new Central Republics, more heavily burdened by debt than their neighbors, their currencies even more hopelessly inflated, present this problem in an aggravated form. The intellectual class in all these countries is sorely pressed; in Germany and Austria it is in danger of extinction. The universities and scientific institutes find it impossible to stretch their incomes to cover expenses. The Meteorological Institute in Vienna has an income which at the present time is about sufficient to subscribe to one English scientific journal, while the Physiological Institute in the same city enjoys a yearly income of ten thousand kronen less than the price of a single microscope. While the prices increased the income has remained stationary. Professor Heinrich Rubens, director of the Physikalische Institut of Berlin University, writes in answer to my inquiry: "The income of my institute for apparatus, books, chemicals, utensils, wages, light, heat, and electricity before the war amounted to 24,000 marks. The prices for apparatus and chemicals are now twelve times those of before the war, wages nine times, and heating fifteen times. As yet no provision has been made to increase our income. I have received recently one hundred thousand marks with the admonition not to make any new purchases and to use this money solely to pay outstanding debts. It goes without saying that this condition can not continue in the future if we are to be scientifically productive."

One of the elements of strength of the old German university lay in the fact that more even than in other European countries the university professor was highly esteemed and adequately paid. Germany's greatness as an intellectual and scientific nation was the result of this willingness to make intellectual work worth while financially and socially. The war and the tremendous premium placed through its crushing demands upon physical labor has changed the relative position of the intellectual worker, while the redistribution of incomes resulting from the currency inflation has contributed its share to push him in the background. Worship of labor and of mere money-making power has displaced respect for intellectual achievement. When I was in Berlin the truck drivers were on strike. According to an article in *Freiheit* of August 14, 1920, they demanded a basic rate of 330 marks a week for an eight hour day, and double rates for overtime. They won their strike. The truck-driver in Berlin now makes a little over 17,000 marks a year. The official salary of a full professor

at Berlin University in August, 1920, was 4,800 marks, with yearly increases to a maximum of 7,200. The state made an allowance to meet the high cost of living, which brought the salary of most professors up to about 12,000. Of the fees which formerly went to the professors 75 per cent is now paid into the state treasury.

Professor Strauss at the Handelshochschule in Berlin told me: "We have had no milk in our house since the armistice. We have meat once a week. I can buy no books, no instruments. I have had to cancel my subscriptions to scientific journals. I cannot even write any more, for there is no publisher who will publish scientific works unless the author undertakes to finance them." Professor Ernst Bergmann writes in the Tag: "Many associate professors sell their last carpet, the last valuable volume of their library, to keep themselves above water for another week."* Julius Springer, of a well-known Berlin publishing house of scientific books, prepared for me figures which show that the cost of printing 2,000 copies of a pamphlet of sixteen pages has increased from 108 marks in 1914 to 1,600 marks in August, 1920.

The cost of the paper alone is from 30 to 40 times that of prewar times. The publisher who finds himself forced to tie up a much larger amount of capital than formerly in new editions will usually refuse to publish at his risk strictly scientific books. Professor von Harnack writes: "I personally have not been able to publish a study, *Die Vulgata des Hebräerbriefes*, which represents more than half a year's work, because the publisher demanded of me a payment of 3,000 marks before he was willing to publish the book which, on account of its specialized subject, could only be expected to have a very limited sale. Now it is hardly reasonable to expect that a man shall pay out money in addition to doing the work." Oswald Spengler, author of *Der Untergang des Abendlandes*, could only succeed in publishing the second volume because a group of Hamburg merchants undertook to finance him. Scientific societies have been forced to abandon the publication of their works. The Prussian Academy of Sciences has entirely discontinued its publications.

Thus as a result of the increased cost of printing, the German book market, formerly so rich in scientific productions, is becoming daily more barren and is rapidly degenerating into an exploitation of best sellers. But the increased cost of printing has another effect. It means, of course, an increased cost of books. The price of strictly scientific books is from four to sixteen times the prewar price. Even the popular editions for which Germany was at one time famous and which sold for a few pfennigs are

no longer within the reach of everyone. The Reklam edition is now selling for 2.50 marks. This means that the scientific man not only is deprived of the opportunity of publishing the results of his work, but is no longer able to provide himself with the books which contain the results of the work of others.

The libraries, facing the increase in lighting, heating, and labor, are in many cases unable to supply themselves with the few books which appear notwithstanding the great handicaps. The library of the University of Heidelberg, according to Professor A. Kossel, had an income of 72,500 marks in 1914, which amount has not been increased since. In 1919, so he informs me, the operating expenses amounted to 126,500 marks, though the library was open only three days a week during the winter.

More serious still than this intellectual starvation is the practical isolation of Germany from the intellectual life of the world. Difficult as it is to keep the lamp of science burning within Germany under such conditions, even more difficult, well-nigh impossible, is it to keep alive the contact with the scientific world outside of Germany. There is no margin left in the budget of libraries and scientific men.

At the same time the prices of foreign books and periodicals have risen as the value of the mark upon the world's markets decreased. The German subscribers of the English Philosophical Magazine, who before the war paid forty marks a year, now are compelled to pay 1,000 marks. The rector of Berlin University writes in answer to a letter: "The library is, therefore, forced to abandon the procuring of any foreign books whatsoever, and is not even able to pay the expense of binding the books which it already possesses." The library of the University of Heidelberg cannot purchase any foreign literature whatsoever, while the State Library in Berlin with the greatest parsimony succeeds in subscribing to 140 foreign periodicals as compared with 2,300 in 1914.

The other German libraries merely repeat the story. Forty five of the larger German state libraries, not including the one at Berlin, had before the war approximately 1,600,000 marks available for their yearly acquisitions, of which about 400,000 marks a year were spent for foreign literature.

The income of these institutions has not been increased to any extent, with the result that the increased cost of German books, of binding, and of other necessary outlays leaves practically nothing for the purchase of foreign literature. In order to enable these institutions to supply themselves as formerly, an income of at least three million marks would be necessary for foreign acquisitions alone. This does not provide sufficient funds to supply them with the issues of

periodicals which appeared during the war. The library in Berlin alone states that it will take "several millions" to bring its files of periodicals up to date.

While unable to secure the scientific material from the outside world Germany sees much of its accumulated scientific treasure sold to foreign lands. Large numbers of extremely valuable books, many of them the only copies in existence, have found their way from private and small public collections into the libraries and museums of more fortunately situated countries. Entire libraries are being sold, not only after death, but in some cases during the life of their scientific owners, who find themselves forced to make this greatest of all sacrifices in order to provide food and clothing for themselves and family. In the words of Konrad Haenisch: "Thus German science is being sold out like our store of men's clothing and ladies' lingerie."

No material damage can compare in seriousness and ultimate effect with the loss resulting not only to Germany, but to the world at large, from the intellectual starvation and isolation to which the German people are at present exposed. The loss to Germany is irreparable; the body quickly rallies from a lack of nourishment, but the effect of a stunted intellectual life is felt for generations.

Neither is this situation entirely free from danger. While the crying need of the world today is for freer intellectual contact, for a closer study of foreign nations, a better appreciation of the thoughts of others, Germany, more than any other nation in need of such broadening contact, is almost completely isolated. The world can only benefit from a removal of intellectual barriers. The German intellectuals, conscious of their hopeless economic condition, are striving to overcome the barriers of hatred and distrust which the war has set up. The recantation of the signers of the Kultur Manifesto is one of these steps, and the reply to the Oxford University appeal for a reestablishment of friendly intercourse is another expression of this desire.

As this reply is reported in the same issue of the New York Times, "Science knows only one aim, the search after truth; and it requires for the performance of this task the common labor of all, regardless of national boundaries." But the willingness to forget the past for the sake of science on the part of the non-German world cannot remove the obstacles which the changed economic conditions have raised. The recovery of German intellectual life will be slow, slower than the recovery of the German industrial and trade life. And herein lies the danger.

The old Germany with all its good qualities was led into the way of its own destruction largely because the thinking class either did not consider government and international

politics as properly belonging to its sphere of thought and activity or because it was willing to take instruction from above in these matters. From and through the intellectual class the mass of the people took their cue. The revolution has nominally changed the Government and has placed it in the hands of the masses, and the masses will again look for their cue to the intellectuals of old. It is therefore of prime importance how these intellectuals will direct the thought of the masses. Those among them who preserve their independence will be sadly handicapped in gaining an understanding of what the outside world is thinking and doing. They are in grave danger of misunderstanding world tendencies through incomplete information. And in consequence of the almost prohibitive price of books and pamphlets they will be even more handicapped in placing their knowledge and information before the people. Another danger arises from the fact that many of the intellectuals, in order to maintain themselves and promote their enterprises, will be obliged to seek the aid of those who now control wealth. This support will undoubtedly not be given without an adequate return. Education and science freed from the mailed fist of the Government will find an equally severe master in those who through their economic position can crush science or allow it to flourish. Nowhere in Europe is the contrast between the classes as pronounced as it is in Germany today. The men who have come into the control of wealth in Germany, drunk with the sense of power, have discovered in war an effective method of dispossessing the masses, and they will attend to it that the masses will be fed not the words of wisdom and knowledge, but the words that may again fan the flames of international revenge and hatred.

* According to the Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant of October 27, 1920, Dr. Margulies of the Vienna Metereological Institute died at the age of 40 as a result of long-continued undernourishment.

CONTEMPORARY

AMERICAN NOVELISTS

By Carl Wan Doren
ibid

EDITH WHARTON

AT the outset of the twentieth century O. Henry, in a mood of reaction from a prevalent snobbism, discovered what he called the Four Million; and during the same years, in a mood not wholly different, Edith Wharton rediscovered what she would never have called the Four Hundred. Or rather she made known to the considerable public which peeps at fashionable New York through the obliging windows of fiction, that that world was not so simple in its magnificence as the inquisitive, but uninstructed, had been led to believe. Behind the splendors reputed to characterize the great, she testified on almost every page of her books, lay certain arcana which if much duller were also much more desirable. Those splendors were merely as noisy brass to the finer metal of the authentic inner circles. These were very small, and they suggested an American aristocracy rather less than they suggested the aborigines of their native continent. Ralph Marvell, in "The Custom of the Country" described Washington Square as the "Reservation," and prophesied that "before long its inhabitants would be exhibited at ethnological shows, pathetically engaged in the exercise of their primitive industries." Mrs. Wharton has exhibited them in the exercise of industries not precisely primitive, and yet aboriginal enough, very largely concerned in turning shapely shoulders to the hosts of Americans anxious and determined to invade their ancient reservations. As the success of the women in keeping new aspirants out of drawing-room and country house has always been greater than the success of the men in keeping them out of Wall Street, the aboriginal aristocracy in Mrs. Wharton's novels transacts its affairs for the most part in drawing-room and country house. There, however, to judge by "The House of Mirth," "The Custom of the Country," and "The Age of Innocence," the life of the inhabitants, so far from being a continuous revel as represented by the popular novelists, is marked by nothing so much as an uncompromising decorum.

Take the case of Lily Bart in "The House of Mirth." She goes to pieces on the rocks of that decorum, though she has every advantage of birth except a fortune, and knows the rules of the game perfectly. But she cannot follow them

with the impeccable equilibrium which is needful; she has the Aristotelian hero's fatal defect of a single weakness. In that golden game not to go forward is to fall behind. Lily Bart hesitates, oscillates, and is lost. Having left her appointed course, she finds on trying to return to her former society that it is little less impermeable to her than she has seen rank outsiders find it. Then there is Undine Spragg in "The Custom of the Country," who, marrying and divorcing with the happy insensibility of the animals that mate for a season only, undertakes to force her brilliant, barren beauty into the centers of the elect. Such beauty as hers can purchase much, thanks to the desires of men, and Undine, thanks to her own blindness as regards all delicate disapproval, comes within sight of her goal. But in the end she fails. The custom of her country—Apex City and the easy-going West—is not the decorum of New York reinforced by European examples. Newland Archer and Ellen Olenska in "The Age of Innocence" neither lose nor seek an established position within the social mandarinat of Manhattan as constituted in the seventies of the last century. They belong there and there they remain. But at what sacrifices of personal happiness and spontaneous action! They walk through their little drama with the unadventurous stride of puppets; they observe dozens of taboos with a respect allied to terror. It is true that they appear to have been the victims of the provincial "innocence" of their generation, but the newer generation in New York is not entirely acquitted of a certain complicity in the formalism of its past.

From the first Mrs. Wharton's power has lain in the ability to reproduce in fiction the circumstances of a compact community in a way that illustrates the various oppressions which such communities put upon individual vagaries, whether viewed as sin, or ignorance, or folly, or merely as social impossibility. She has, of course, studied other communities than New York: the priest-ridden Italy of the eighteenth century in "The Valley of Decision"; modern France in "Madame de Treymes" and "The Reef"; provincial New England in "The Fruit of the Tree." What characterizes the New York novels characterizes these others as well: a sense of human beings living in such intimate solidarity that no one of them may vary from the customary path without in some fashion breaking the pattern and inviting some sort of disaster. Novels written out of this conception of existence fall ordinarily into partisanship, either on the side of the individual who leaves his herd or on the side of the herd which runs him down or shuts him out for good. Mrs. Wharton has always been singularly unpartisan, as if she recognized it as no duty of

hers to do more for the herd or its members than to play over the spectacle of their clashes the long, cold light of her magnificent irony. At the same time, however, her attitude toward New York society, her most frequent theme, has slightly changed. "The House of Mirth," published in 1905, glows with certain of the colors of the grand style. These appear hardly at all in "The Age of Innocence," published in 1920, as if Mrs. Wharton's feeling for ceremony had diminished, as if the grand style no longer found her so susceptible as formerly. Possibly her advance in satire may arise from nothing more significant than her retreat into the past for a subject. Nevertheless, one step forward could make her an invaluable satirist of the current hour. Among Mrs. Wharton's novels are two—"Ethan Frome" and "Summer"—which unfold the tragedy of circumstances apparently as different as possible from those chronicled in the New York novels. Her fashionable New York and her rural New England, however, have something in common. In the desolate communities which witness the agonies of Ethan Frome and Charity Royall, not only is there a stubborn village decorum but there are also the bitter compulsions of a helpless poverty which binds feet and wings as the most ruthless decorum cannot bind them, and which dulls all the hues of life to an unendurable dinginess. As a member of the class which spends prosperous vacations on the old soil of the Puritans, Mrs. Wharton has surveyed the cramped lives of the native remnant with a pity springing from her knowledge of all the freedom and beauty and pleasure which they miss. She consequently brings into her narrative an outlook not to be found in any of the novelists who write of rural New England out of the erudition which comes of a more intimate acquaintanceship. Without filing down her characters into types, she contrives to lift them into universal figures of aspiration or disappointment. And in "Ethan Frome," losing from her clear voice for a moment the note of satire, she reaches her highest point of tragic passion. In the bleak life of Ethan Frome on his bleak hillside there blooms an exquisite love which during a few hours of rapture promises to transform his fate; but poverty clutches him, drives him to attempt suicide with the woman he loves, and then condemns him to one of the most appalling expiations in fiction—to a slavery in comparison with which his former life was almost freedom. Not since Hawthorne has a novelist built on the New England soil a tragedy of such elevation of mood as this. Freed from the bondage of Local Color, that myopic muse, Mrs. Wharton here handles her material not so much like a quarryman finding curious stones and calling out about them as like a sculptor setting his finished work upon a commanding hill.

It has regularly been by her novels that Mrs. Wharton has attracted the most attention, and yet her short stories are of a quite comparable excellence. About fifty of them all together, they show her swift, ironical intelligence flashing its light into numerous corners of human life not large enough to warrant prolonged reports. She can go as far afield as to the ascetic ecstasies and agonies of medieval religion, in *The Hermit and the Wild Woman*; or as to the horrible revenge of Duke Ercole of Vicenza, in *The Duchess at Prayer*; or as to the murder and witchcraft of seventeenth century Brittany, in *Kerfol*. *Kerfol*, *Afterward*, and *The Lady's Maid's Bell* are nearly as good ghost stories as any written in many years. *Bunner Sisters*, an observant, tender narrative, concerns itself with the declining fortunes of two shopkeepers of Stuyvesant Square in New York's Age of Innocence. For the most part, however, the locality and temper of Mrs. Wharton's briefer stories are not so remote as these from the center of her particular world, wherein subtle and sophisticated people stray in the crucial mazes of art or learning or love. Her artists and scholars are likely to be shown at some moment in which a passionate ideal is in conflict with a lower instinct toward profit or reputation, as when in *The Descent of Man* an eminent scientist turns his feet ruinously into the wide green descent to "popular" science, or as when in *The Verdict* a fashionable painter of talent encounters the work of an obscure genius and gives up his own career in the knowledge that at best he can never do but third-rate work. Some such stress of conflict marks almost all Mrs. Wharton's stories of love, which make up the overwhelming majority of her work. Love with her in but few cases runs the smooth course coincident with flawless matrimony. It cuts violently across the boundaries drawn by marriages of convenience, and it suffers tragic changes in the objects of its desire. What opportunity has a free, wilful passion in the tight world Mrs. Wharton prefers to represent? Either its behavior must be furtive and hypocritical or else it must incur social disaster. Here again—Mrs. Wharton will not be partisan. If in one story—such as *The Long Run*—she seems to imply that there is no ignominy like that of failing love when it comes, yet in another—such as *Souls Belated*—she sets forth the costs and the entanglements that ensue when individuals take love into their own hands and defy society. Not love for itself, but love as the most frequent and most personal of all the passions which bring the community into clashes with its members—this is the subject of Mrs. Wharton's curiosity and study. Her only positive conclusions about it, as reflected in her stories, seem to be that love cuts deepest in the deepest natures, and yet that no one is

quite so shallow as to love and recover from it without a scar. Divorce, according to her representations, can never be quite complete; one of her most amusing stories, *The Other Two*, recounts how the third husband of a woman whose first two husbands are still living, gradually resolves her into her true constituency and finds nothing there but what one husband after another has made of her.

In stories like this Mrs. Wharton occasionally leaves the restraint of her ordinary manner to wear the keener colors of the satirist. *Xingu*, for instance, with its famous opening sentence—"Mrs. Ballinger is one of the ladies who pursue Culture in bands, as though it were dangerous to meet alone"—has the flash and glitter, and the agreeable artificiality, of polite comedy. *Undine Spragg* and the many futile women whom Mrs. Wharton enjoys ridiculing more than she gives evidence of enjoying anything else belong nearly as much to the menagerie of the satirist as to the novelist's gallery. It is only in these moments of satire that Mrs. Wharton reveals much about her disposition: her impatience of stupidity and affectation and muddy confusion of mind and purpose; her dislike of dinginess; her toleration of arrogance when it is high-bred. Such qualities do not help her, for all her spare, clean movement, to achieve the march or rush of narrative; such qualities, for all her satiric pungency, do not bring her into sympathy with the sturdy or burly or homely, or with the broader aspects of comedy. Lucidity, detachment, irony—these never desert her (though she wrote with an hysterical pen during the war). So great is her self-possession that she holds criticism at arm's length, somewhat as her chosen circles hold the barbarians. If she had a little less of this pride of dignity she might perhaps avoid her tendency to assign to decorum a larger power than it actually exercises, even in the societies about which she writes. Decorum, after all, is binding chiefly upon those who accept it without question, but not upon passionate or logical rebels, who are always shattering it with some touch of violence or neglect, or upon those who stand too securely to be shaken. For this reason the coils of circumstance and the pitfalls of inevitability with which Mrs. Wharton besets the careers of her characters are in part an illusion deftly employed for the sake of artistic effect. She multiplies them as romancers multiply adventures. The illusion of reality in her work, however, almost never fails her, so alertly is her mind on the lookout to avoid vulgar or shoddy romantic elements. Compared to Henry James, her principal master in fiction, whom she resembles in respect to subjects and attitude, she lacks exuberance and richness of texture, but she has more intelligence than he. Compared to Jane Austen, the novelist

among Anglo-Saxon women whom Mrs. Wharton most resembles, particularly as regards satire and decorum, she is the more impassioned of the two. It may seem at first thought a little strange to compare the vivid novels of the author of "The House of Mirth" with the mouse-colored narratives of the author of "Pride and Prejudice," for the twentieth century has added to all fiction many overtones not heard in the eighteenth. But of no other woman Writer since Jane Austen can it be said quite so truthfully as of Mrs. Wharton that her natural, instinctive habitat is a true tower of irony.

UNEMPLOYMENT AND CLOSED SHOP IN COHOES

By CEDRIC LONG

The Nation. March 30, 1921

COHOES, New York, has an unsavory reputation in both labor and social welfare circles. It is a textile city. It is a city owned by absentee landlords. Like so many communities that produce great wealth, it is indescribably dirty, ramshackle, unkempt. The rest of the State is quite in order if it asks how and why all this happens.

There is no finer water power anywhere than that of the Mohawk River just before it empties into the Hudson. Outsiders went there years ago and bought the rights to that power. They also bought up a great deal of land. Today these outsiders own one of the largest hydro-electric plants in the country, millions of dollars' worth of land, buildings and machinery, and hundreds of the tenements in which the workers live. The people of Cohoes own almost nothing. The local newspaper is supported by outside advertisers. There is no real public library in town, no reading room, no decent hotel or restaurant, no Y. M. C. A. A Salvation Army station leads a precarious existence; and this winter an outside evangelist has been giving the Protestant population twenty-eight consecutive days of hellfire-and-brimstone religion. The worker of Cohoes, in order to make a living, mortgages very much of his body and soul to non-residents, and now unemployment takes from this worker even his right to make a living—all of which requires an explanation. During the war the textile industry prospered. Cohoes ran its thirty cotton, shoddy, batting, and woolen underwear

mills to capacity, manufacturing surgical gauze, cotton batting, and woolen underwear. Between 4,500 and 5,000 men and women were employed at this work. Profits were high, wages good, and the city prospered. Workers paid their bills and laid up savings and it was not until the late spring of 1920 that real depression began.

But within the industry itself labor history was being made. Previous to the war, the manufacturers had, of course, taught their help the good American lesson which demonstrates that competition leads to success. The workers competed valiantly for jobs and for favor in the eyes of the boss. They competed, but wages went steadily downward and the speed of the machinery increased. A few of the wisest among them began to realize that the truly successful competitor in all this was the owner of the industry ; and a union was started. But war came along and brought good fortune to the workers. Formerly they had competed for jobs; now the jobs grew in number and competed for workers. The bosses vied with one another for the favor of the men and bid against each other for labor. Wages went up and organizing activity was not discouraged. By 1919, the United Textile Workers had almost 100 per cent of the industry unionized. The workers, for the first time in their history, had economic power.

And yet, economic power is not economic understanding. There are 3,000 workers in the twenty woolen mills of the city alone. By late spring of 1920 orders came to the manufacturers in smaller volume than formerly. A few orders were canceled. Some of the manufacturers began to wonder if all was right with the market. Labor, however, was blindly optimistic. When the little independent union of mule spinners found a grievance with the powerful United Textile Workers over a matter of death benefit to the family of a deceased worker, warfare started between the two labor groups and the U. T. W. struck for a closed shop. The bosses tried some conciliatory methods at first, hoping that good times might continue if serious labor trouble could be averted.

Finally, the manufacturers saw the inevitability of a dead market. They decided to put the blame for unemployment upon labor. Therefore, when the union leaders came around next time and talked closed shop, they complied. On July 6 the woolen mills of the city were closed to all union members ; and workers were told that they must apply to the office individually for jobs. A handful drifted back, worked spasmodically for a few days or a few weeks, and, with one exception, the mills closed down entirely. The industry was headed at full speed for an abyss; the union got the entire credit throughout the city for pushing it over the edge, for

throwing thousands of God-fearing men and women out of work, for taking bread from the mouths of women and children, for creating eight months of unemployment. Priest, newspaper editor and preacher, storekeeper and mill foreman will tell you that the workers are floundering in a hole of their own digging, and many of the workers half believe it. In the early autumn the Harmony Cotton Mills gradually closed down and threw 1,500 more out of work. Since most of these also belong to the union, they likewise were held responsible for their own unemployment. The bosses got the credit for good times, the workers for bad.

Recently the manufacturers, textile and others, in the cities of Troy, Cohoes, and Waterford have united in a Tri City Manufacturers' Association for the more effective waging of their open-shop campaign. Their secretary is a man who revels in unemployment and union-baiting. When he left the Poughkeepsie Manufacturers' Association office to take up work in Cohoes, the labor body of that city gave him a send-off in the form of a little pamphlet especially devoted to the exposure of his union-breaking methods and to warn Cohoes unionists against him.

To date this open-shop campaign is highly successful. The textile workers have no fighting power whatever. Troy collar workers have never been successfully organized, anyway. At present this Manufacturers' Association is conducting a fight against two or three smaller miscellaneous industries which are on strike—the millions of dollars of the Manufacturers' Association pitted against the staying power of a few score workers. Newspapers report that one factory is patrolled by State guards, each guard accompanied by a police dog. And meanwhile there are thousands of unemployed walking the streets of these cities, anyone of whom may have a job in these factories by applying to the Tri City Manufacturers' employment bureau.

This secretary informed me that his office was a "clearing house for information" about workers (the union leaders already know it for a black-list office). I asked about discrimination. "We don't object to unions, but of course none of our members would hire a man who has been agitating and getting his name in the papers and that sort of thing." I thought of the Association of Textile Manufacturers in Passaic and their "employment office," which is today the center for a vast network of espionage covering the entire city and environs and costing thousands of dollars a month. The Tri-City Manufacturers' Association is still young. In time it will doubtless develop the effectiveness of similar organizations in Passaic, Duquesne, Pennsylvania, and the Virginia coal fields. It has not yet begun wholesale espionage simply because it has not met the resistance which war

rants such extensive methods. Upstate labor is extremely conservative; unemployment is prevalent. The opening of this office under such circumstances is a compliment. A 22 Y2 per cent cut in wages is scheduled for all textile mills upon resumption of work. Open shop is also on the schedule, of course. Huge bills to the grocer, the coal dealer, the landlord haunt many of the workers night and day. While they look ahead to all this, they are wandering about in a city of mean, small tenements, no recreation except the cheap movies, dirty streets, bleak winds, and a pervasive atmosphere of pessimism and gloom. Of the 7,500 wage earners in the city one-third have been idle since last summer, approximately two-thirds since autumn, yet the Polish, Russian, and Italian populations have devised methods of saving money. The sufferers are American and French Canadian, and even these run deeply into debt and endure extreme hardships before they withdraw their savings from the banks. It seems incredible that a city of 23,000 people, after many months without income, should have between eleven and twelve thousand savings accounts in its banks, and that not a store should have been forced to close its doors.

The working man of Cohoes, as an individual, is not, generally, experiencing any real physical hardship. He could continue his present manner of life for several weeks more. His worst suffering is mental and spiritual. He has continual cause for worry about the future of his family and himself. But the working man, as union member, is suffering severely. His organization is down in the mud and being trampled upon and everyone knows it and says so. In place of the spirit of independence which belongs to a man who carries a union card and fights beside his fellow-worker for decent living conditions there is now humiliation and anger. Doubtless the textile union of Cohoes was a very feeble affair, lacking in real leadership, a remnant of the worst traditions of antiquated unionism; but it was the instrument he had used to raise himself from a position of abject poverty and servility. He never philosophized much about capital and labor; he was willing to be patronized a good deal by his boss, and he thought of a "class war" only as a mental concoction of anarchists. But he now has a developing hatred of certain vague forces which conspire to push him back to where he was ten years ago. The press, some of his friends, the churches, all tell him that he, with his union, caused this trouble. The movies and the school teacher repeat the charge to his children. Are they right? He joins a few of his fellow-unionists for long talks in the union hall and together they try to untangle the great puzzle.

Meanwhile, the manufacturers, some and perhaps all of the ministers and priests, the bankers, many of the merchants, are happy and comfortable. Optimism prevails throughout the center of the city. Wages are back to normal, the open shop is an accomplished fact, the old "rights" are restored, labor domination is ended. What looked to the manufacturers like a tremendous financial crisis turns out to be an unemployment godsend. One druggist says the people are quite comfortable and affirms that he is losing no business. "I am cutting prices on goods, doing five times normal business, and making at least 30 per cent profit on everything." Furthermore, the machinery for maintaining normal labor conditions is now established and running smoothly. If labor becomes fractious, a little lubrication and careful manipulation of this machinery will render it as effective as that in Passaic or Lawrence or Bethlehem. For the black list leads to under-cover work, provocation, and possible violence as inevitably as armament on the part of competitor nations leads to war. The manufacturers, to be sure, are blind to the future; sufficient unto today is the knowledge that unemployment has brought them the Open Shop.

During the past few weeks the Harmony Mills have slowly begun operations again and 1,500 workers will gradually fit back into the places before their machines. These men and women have work at reduced wages ; they lose the organization which lifted them from utter misery to a height where they could see some hope in life. There is work—and bitterness. And the stage set for future trouble if the spirit of independence breaks out again.

Other textile centers are resuming work gradually. They have had long periods of unemployment. Other industries the nation over are in much the same position. Is unemployment throughout the United States merely an introductory chapter to a fiercer warfare between Capital and Labor than we have yet witnessed? Certain political forces in New York State are strongly urging the abolition of the State Employment Service. Is this for the purpose of placing employment facilities in the hands of other manufacturers' associations and black-listing agencies? Are hundreds of thousands of workers who were good union members a few months back and who have been turned into the streets by the industrial crisis to be sifted carefully through the sieve of the open shop, union-baiting Garys, and William Woods, and Atterburys of industry? Cohoes is an indication that this is to become a general policy.

And what future has this little mill city just north of Albany? The United Textile Workers is notorious for -its indifferent or reactionary leadership of the hard-pressed

textile workers of the country. Yet the future of Cohoes, like the future of Pittsburgh or Paterson, depends upon the virility and intelligence of its workers and their leaders. Absentee landlords care nothing for Cohoes. The workers live in the midst of this squalor, small-town politics, unhygienic moral conditions, hell-fire evangelistic campaigns, sordid business life. Until they can formulate their aspirations in terms as unmistakable as those of the Tri-City Manufacturers' Association, and put them into practice, the textile workers of the Spindle City have a sorry future before them.

(Cedric Long is field secretary of the New York State Consumers' League.)

PONTIUS PILATE

OPINION by W. E. B. DuBois
The Crisis, December 1920

PONTIUS PILATE, Federal Governor of Mississippi, sat in the Judgment seat at Jackson. Before him stretched a table of shining gold and the morning sun sang through the eastern windows. It lighted the faces of the Chief Priest and the Elders as they bent eagerly toward him, and twisted itching hands. He was fingering a pile of silver money which seemed to have been tossed or thrown upon the table before him. "This-er-Iscaiot fellow," he began in a low, inquiring voice, while his eyes sought the haunting shadows of the long, crimson curtains at his back. A bishop interrupted him: a tall and mighty bishop cassocked, ringed, and jewelled: "Just a case of uneasy conscience—a worthless fellow—we shall give this to foreign missions, shall we not, and seek Souls for the Kingdom?" And he gathered up and counted out thirty pieces—"and now to the main matter."

"I don't see how I can pardon this Barabbas," said the Governor, speaking with sudden vehemence. "He is a criminal and a drunkard—he has killed men before and—" "Now, now, Governor!" interrupted the Judge, "Jack Barabbas is not so bad—quarrelsome, to be sure, when in liquor, and quick to defend his honor as every white man should be. Moreover—hark!" Something floated in by the window. It was a low, but monstrous sound and in it lay anger and blood. "See, Governor? Hear that? The Saturday crowds are in town and Jack is a prime favorite—you know they're none too well disposed toward you and the Government since this new usurpation of federal power." "That's just it," answered the Governor angrily, straightening in his chair and flashing challenging glances right and left: "Lawlessness has brought Mississippi to this pass and yet you want me not only to pardon a notorious criminal, but also to condemn an innocent man." "Innocent?" cried several voices, but the great voice of the Bishop out drowned them all. "You do not understand," he said ominously, thrusting forward his

great bulk and towering over the nervous frame of the Governor. The Governor stiffened but did not quail. "You are northern born—you live far from our problem—our fearful Problem. Remember, Sir, in Mississippi there is one Crime of Crimes, one beside which all crimes fade to innocence—Murder, Arson, Rape, Theft—all are nothing beside the crime of Race Equality. Sir, this man, whom we have brought before you, not only preaches openly the equality of all men, but (and the Bishop shuddered) practices it!"

And then the flying words of all the eager, angry councilors raised and swept across the golden board and up the crimson curtains and down the open, sun-flushed windows:

"Do you know what he wants?"—

"He wants equality for Everybody—everybody, mind you"—"Turks, Jews, Niggers, Dagoes, Chinks, Japs"—"everybody"—"talking, sleeping, kissing, marrying"—"the damned scoundrel!"—"and do you know why he wants it?"—"He's nothing but a"—"He's a Bolshevik—a Red Revolutionary"—"He is going to overthrow all government—"

And then in a shriek—"He claims to be God and King."

Slowly, Pilate arose.

"Bring him in," he said.

They swung the crimson curtains back and there in the shadows stood the Christ.

Pontius Pilate shuddered. "thou King?" he whispered.

And the answer came calm and clear, "Yes!"

The cry of the mob below shivered to a shriek, while the Chief Priest and the Elders stood in a silence that was ominous.

Pilate turned.

"I find no fault in this man," he said doggedly, as his hands trembled.

"He blasphemed against the White Race," hissed the Bishop.

But Pilate continued: "You have brought this man before me as a dangerous agitator. I have examined him before you and have found no fault in him. I will therefore fine him and let him go."

But the council cried in one voice.

"Away with Christ—and pardon Barabbas!"

"I'll pardon Barabbas if you insist—but Christ—"

Again the groan of the mob rose and flooded in at the window, breaking the Sunshine.

Pilate stirred uneasily—"I won't punish him," he said testily. "I know no law."

"Sir, we know our unwritten law.

The crowd below—"

"I'll have no violence," cried Pilate.

"It was just this lynching business that led the federal government to interfere in Mississippi—"

"Your Excellency, consider a moment," interrupted the States Attorney. "You incur no responsibility.

"Art

You simply deliver this man into our hands; and by your pardon of Barabbas the crowd will be mollified and—"

"And what?" asked the Governor.

"Well, there will be less likelihood of violence."

Pilate arose agitated. "I'll have nothing to do with it," he said. "I wash my hands of the whole thing."

The councilors bowed and turned to the door. The shout of the mob rose and rent the courtyard and the sunlight died:

—Lynch damned—!

For a moment Pilate hesitated with clenched hands and riven face. Then slowly he left the chamber.

It was late afternoon and Pilate stood in the clean, cool bathroom,

washing his hands. His wife hurried
In
him Lynch the
“Pontius,” she said hesitatingly,
“have nothing to do with that just
man—for I have suffered—”
“There, there! It's all right,” he
said, chucking her under the chin.
“Don't meddle in politics.” They both
started, for they heard the mad music
of myriad feet, the laughter, scream
ing and cursing of men, and the shrill
babble of women's voices; and then
over the height of the hills rolled the
far-off echo of that world-worn cry:
“My God, my God! Why has Thou
forsaken me!”

THE UNREAL CAMPAIGN

EVER have the American peo
ple endured such a Presiden
tial campaign. It is true that
in no campaign are the great
issues always distinct and clear and
the alignments definite and under
standable. But surely in no campaign
has there ever been such a lack of
alignment and such deliberate smear

ing of issues. One may, as one is con
stituted, regard voting as a test of
conscience and principle or as a prac
tical make-shift. In the first, the land
may easily go to the dogs while the
Dreamer walks his high and isolated
path. In the other case, we may too
easily forget our dreams.
But both sorts of Voters on No
vember 2, 1920, were in maddening
puzzlement. The League of Nations?
There was no real difference between
the parties; between Johnson and
Wilson there was a world of argu
ment; but Taft and Holt, Hoover and
Cox? It was all a matter of punctua
tion and style. No man then could vote
either the Republican or the Demo
cratic ticket because he favored or op
posed the League. And outside the
League, What? Imperialism, labor and
wage, the power of capital, the mar
keting of farm products, the building
of homes, the training of children, the
ownership of land, the freedom of
suffrage—in these and all else the ma
jor parties were mere fog or reaction.
Indeed the only real, stinging, fighting
questions in the whole campaign were
President Wilson and the Negro.

THE DANGER OF THE WINDS

UNTIL 1807, when Fulton invented the first steamboat, com
merce depended upon the winds for motive power. And
oftimes these useful winds drove cargoes of riches on rock-
bound coasts and lurking sand bars. In fact, countless
maritime disasters can be traced to the treachery of the winds.

¶ This is not enough to count against the winds, for greater
still is the biting chaff and splitting scars it wrecks against
milady's smooth complexion.



¶ It is fortunate however, that Madam C. J. Walker's Super-
fine Toilet Preparations prevent and repair the damage of
the winds.

FOR WINTER'S BITING WINDS MADAM C. J. WALKER'S

WITCH HAZEL JELLY and COLD CREAM
ARE UNSURPASSED

↔
Expensively compounded but conservatively priced

THE MADAM C. J. WALKER MFG. CO.
640 North West Street INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Mention THE CRISIS.

THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S PARTY

The Crisis, May 1921

THE miscarriage of the ideals of the "Woman's Party" was especially marked in the case of the deputation of colored women who attended the convention in Washington. Freda Kirchwey writes in *The Nation*:

The efforts—wholly unsuccessful—of the representatives of the colored women would form a tragic chapter of the same story. A delegation of 60 women sent by colored women's organizations in 14 States arrived in Washington several days before the convention. They requested an interview with Alice Paul so that they might take up with her the question of the disfranchisement of the women of their race. They were told Miss Paul was too busy to see them. They said they would wait till she had time. Finally, grudgingly, she yielded. The colored women presented their case in the form of a dignified memorial—which read as follows:

We have come here as members of various organizations and from different sections representing the five million colored women of this country. We are deeply appreciative of the heroic devotion of the National Woman's Party to the women's suffrage movement and of the tremendous sacrifices made under your leadership in securing the passage of the Nineteenth Amendment.

We revere the names of the pioneers to whom you will do honor while here, not only because they believed in the inherent rights of women, but of humanity at large, and gave themselves to the fight against slavery in the United States.

The world has moved forward in these 70 years and the colored women of this country have been moving with it. They know the value of the ballot, if honestly

used, to right the wrongs of any class. Knowing this, they have also come today to call your attention to the flagrant violations of the intent and purposes of the Susan B. Anthony Amendment in the elections of 1920. These violations occurred in the Southern States, where is to be found the great mass of colored women, and it has not been made secret that wherever white women did not use the ballot, it was counted worth while to relinquish it in order that it might be denied colored women.

Complete evidence of violations of the Nineteenth Amendment could be obtained only by Federal investigation. There is, however, sufficient evidence available to justify a demand for such an inquiry. We are handing you here with a pamphlet with verified cases of the disfranchisement of our Women.

The National Woman's Party stands in the forefront of the organizations that have undergone all the pains of travail to bring into existence the Nineteenth Amendment. We can not then believe that you will permit this amendment to be so distorted in its interpretation that it shall lose its power and effectiveness. Five million women in the United States can not be denied their rights without all the women of the United States feeling the effect of that denial. No women are free until all are free.

Therefore we are assembled to ask that you will use your influence to have the convention of the National Woman's Party appoint a special committee to ask Congress for an investigation of the violations of the Susan B. Anthony Amendment in the elections of 1920.

Miss Paul was indifferent to this appeal and resented the presence of the delegation. Their chance of being heard at the convention was gone. A Southern organizer told the one active supporter of the colored women—a white woman and a delegate from New York—that the Woman's Party was pledged not to raise the race issue in the South; that this was the price it paid for ratification. But no such sinister motive

is necessary to explain the treatment of the colored delegation; they were simply an interruption, an obstacle to the smooth working of the machine. Their leading members were not allowed to ride in the elevators of the Hotel Washington where the convention was held, until finally they made a stand for their rights. And only by the use of tactics bordering on Alice Paul's own for vigor and persistence, did their spokesman—the delegate from New York—get a moment to present a resolution in their behalf—a resolution which was promptly defeated and left the question precisely where it stood.

Lide Gilhard Goldsmith, writing also in *The Nation*, faces the injustice of disfranchisement and intimates that it is a problem for the National Woman's Party:

I am not a member of said party, but if they stand ready to take the responsibility of making the fight for forcing the enfranchisement of the American colored woman, I am ready to join their ranks.

The East has its problem of the foreign born women, but if they become citizens they have a right to a voice in the government under the Nineteenth Amendment. Why should the "South handle its own problems," or the "Californians solve their own problems," or any other part of the United States, as regards the right of the American woman to vote? The Nineteenth Amendment has been ratified. By what right can those who have charge of the registration offices disfranchise any woman for the reasons set forth by Mr. Pickens?

If, as Susan P. Frost says, in your symposium in the issue of February 16, "the Negro population in communities of the South, either predominates numerically, or is at the rate of half and half," that same Negro population is doing its part in the building up of the South, and because of that work the women as well as the men are entitled to cast their votes for the candidate who has their best interest at heart. The Africans were brought into the United States by the white man and sold

as slaves to the white man. We fought a war with the South to make those slaves free men and women, giving to them the right to citizenship of the United States. We seem still to have another war to fight: that against race and color prejudice.

COLORED TEACHERS IN CHARLESTON SCHOOLS

The Crisis, June 1921

IT is not widely known that up to 1920 the colored public schools of Charleston, South Carolina, were manned by southern white teachers. There was no objection to these teachers simply because of their race. White teachers from New England and the North have done unforgettable pioneer work for the establishment of Negro education and the finest point of contact between the races today are many of the white teachers who still remain in southern colored schools. But the teachers in Charleston schools were not simply white; they were white people who maintained their standing as "southern" whites; that is, they believed in the inevitable inferiority of all Negroes, in the "supremacy" of the white race, in absence of all social contact between teacher and taught, in discrimination against Negroes and in limited Negro education. Such a situation was intolerable and black Charleston writhed under it for years. However, it was not easy to get rid of the anomaly. In the first place, colored people did not want to put themselves on record as willing to increase discriminatory statutes on the law books of South Carolina. Again they were afraid that any organized movement against white teachers, and especially white women, would bring upon them enmity and retaliation from the white community; despite the fact that the white teachers in colored schools got the same pay as those in white schools, the annual per capita expenditure on enrolled white pupils

was \$35.70, and on colored \$2.55! If now the Board of School Commissioners became offended and colored teachers were forced on them what greater discrepancy might not appear? Finally Negroes were not at all sure for many years that they themselves wanted colored teachers!

Their resentment therefore simmered on with many abortive movements for a long time. In 1910 Charleston had a Negro school population of 5,329, of whom only 65 per cent were reported in school and many of these in private schools. For this population there were up to 1919, three colored public schools with 53 white teachers and principals. Only two colored teachers were employed in the whole system, and these in order to comply with a bequest made by colored troops during the Civil War.

In January, 1919, colored Charleston led by the local branch of the N. A. A. C. P., determined that it was time for the white teachers to go at any cost. Their attitude toward the colored children was humiliating to the last degree. Under their tutelage the children were learning to despise themselves and their race and to regard white folks as their natural masters.

On January 18, the colored people sent a petition to the Governor, the Superintendent of Education, and the legislature, saying:

"We, the citizens of the Negro race and parents of pupils of the aforesaid race in attendance as pupils of the public schools of Charleston, do, through our committee, to wit, Thomas E. Miller, John M. Thompson, William E. Johnson, Edwin A. Harleston and Charles C. Jacobs, most respectfully petition for assistance and relief from the uncalled for, unnecessary, unusual, abnormal conditions that surround and control the management, instruction and teaching of the children of the aforesaid race in the public schools of the city of Charleston. "Fifty-six years after freedom the Negroes of the city of Charleston are denied the right to teach Negro children by Ne-

groes in the free public schools of Charleston; and,

"Whereas, We need relief from this unusual, abnormal condition;

"Whereas, We have thousands of educated men and women who are prepared and worthy to teach the children of the aforesaid race in the city of Charleston; and,

"Whereas, Under the existing law of the free public schools of the State of South Carolina, it is impossible for teachers of the Negro race to teach children of the Negro race, in the free public schools in the city of Charleston; and,

"Whereas, Negro teachers do teach children in every other city of this state, and every city in every one of the thirteen slave-holding States in the Union:

"We, therefore, most humbly petition and pray to each and every one of you in authority to have Section No. 1780 of the Civil Code of 1912 amended so as to read: That it shall be unlawful for a person of the white race to teach in the free public schools of South Carolina provided and set aside for the children of the Negro race."

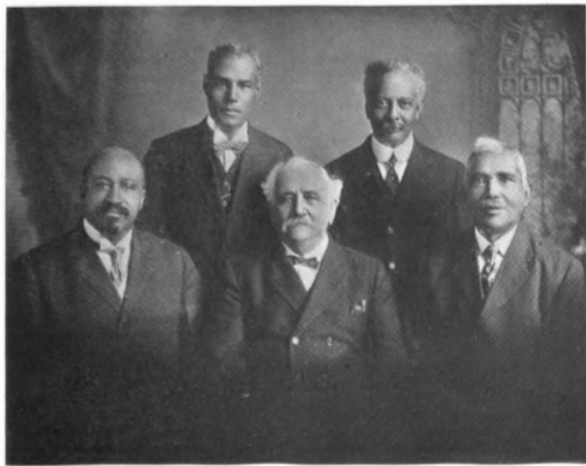
The chairman of the committee, the Honorable Thomas E. Miller, a colored man who was once a member of Congress from South Carolina, was sent to Columbia to lay this petition before the Legislature. House Bill No. 108 was accordingly introduced by R. A. Meares. A joint hearing was arranged by the House Committee on Education and the colored committee went up to Columbia.

Meantime, however, they had been busy. Sixteen mass meetings had been called in the city and the members of the Charleston Branch had been called upon to make a city wide canvas. They were told to "spread the information broadcast to all parents of colored pupils that it is necessary for them to go on record as being desirous of having colored teachers in the public schools of this city, and that simply holding that desire and not being willing to signify by their signatures lends no assistance. Warn them against petitions requesting the retention of

white teachers.”

Hundreds helped in the canvass, and over five thousand signatures of heads of families representing three-fourths of the colored population of Charleston, were secured. A typed copy of these cards, certified to by a judge of the city court, was sent to Columbia.

It must, of course, be remembered that in South Carolina with a population (1910) of 835,843 Negroes and 679,161 whites, there is not a single Negro representative in the Legislature. Moreover, the census reported (1910) 357,822 Negroes, 10 years of age and over, who could read and write. The Negroes therefore represented a totally disfranchised group appealing to whites, and their only resource was strategy. That strat



THE CHARLESTON COMMITTEE
E. A. HARLESTON REV. C. C. JACOBS
DR. W. H. JOHNSON HON. THOMAS E. MILLER DR. J. M. THOMPSON

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egy consisted in skillfully driving a wedge between the up-state poor whites and the aristocrats of Tidewater.

The hearing before the House committee turned into an interesting joint debate. Three members of the Charleston Board of Commissioners were present and the col

ored committee with Congressman Miller as spokesman. The chairman of the committee on education gave each side thirty minutes. As the debate progressed the small minority who had been favorable to the bill, rapidly and visibly began to change to a large majority.

Senator A. R. Young, of Charleston, championed the white teachers. He praised their ability, spoke of their vested rights and said it was an outrage to dismiss these “white ladies” on a petition of Negroes; whereupon an up-state representative suggested that they be pensioned, but Senator Young repudiated such charity.

As a last shot the white Charlestonians said that this colored committee did not really represent the colored folk of Charleston and that they were a set of highbrows and mulattoes trying to do what the real Negro of Charleston did not want done. Thereupon Mr. Miller, bending over with the weight of the satchel, presented the certificates representing some 25,000 of Charleston's 35,000 colored population. This really settled the matter.

The Charleston delegation saw that their cause was lost and immediately they proposed a compromise which would enable them to do what the Negroes wished with out being compelled by law. This was exactly what the Negroes preferred because they were themselves unwilling to make it legally impossible for white persons to teach in the Negro public schools.

On January 31, therefore, Mr. Meares wrote to Senator Young, in part as follows: “I am authorized by Thomas Miller, chairman of delegation of Negro petitioners from the city of Charleston, in the interest of the proposed bill to make unlawful the teaching in the state of Negro pupils by white teachers after the current scholastic year, to say: that he agrees, in their behalf, to deferring action on the bill till the next session on Tuesday following, for the purpose of your effecting an understanding on part of the city board of school trustees, if possible, prior to that date, whereby the bill may be

withdrawn with the promise from the board to provide the relief therein specified one year after the current scholastic year."

Mr. Young replied February 3, "I think I can arrange the proposition as stated in your letter with the school board here."

On the same day the city board of public school commissioners of Charleston voted: "Resolved, That on or before the scholastic year commencing September 1, 1920, that no white teachers shall be employed in the public schools in the city of Charleston to teach Negro pupils, but that Negro teachers will be employed to teach the Negro pupils. A true copy."

A. B. RHETT, Superintendent.

Thereupon the bill introduced by Mr. Meares was withdrawn from the Committee on Education and tabled, and on September 1, 1920, all the teachers in the colored schools of Charleston were colored. The total cost of this campaign, not estimating the value of volunteer labor, was \$450, and included in this is the cost of two silver candlesticks which the colored people of Charleston gave to Mr. Meares.

NEGROES IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS

By W. K. Bradley
ibid

"THE only way to make a nigger be have is to treat him like a dog."

So a young Tennessean, from Chattanooga, asserted with much vehemence in my hearing last summer. I might have been more impressed if I had not so recently come from a section of the South where the Negro is not treated like a dog, yet where he behaves in the most exemplary manner. This section is the southeastern corner of Kentucky, in the heart of the Cumberland. "What, Negroes in the Southern mountains!" I hear some of my readers exclaim. For it has been asserted over and over

again by responsible writers, till it has come to be universally believed, that there are not, and never were, any representatives of the black race in that region. It is true that there are not many, and that their area of distribution is not large, being confined almost entirely to a small group of mountain counties in Kentucky, where the institution of slavery flourished to a certain extent, just as it did in the blue-grass; but there are considerable settlements here and there, either in the towns or on the creeks, and these settlements of Negroes who are just as much of the mountains as their white neighbors—who are, indeed, to all intents and purposes, black mountaineers—constitute, to my mind, one of the most interesting and significant social phenomena in the entire country. They are a standing challenge to the statement that whites and blacks cannot live together on terms of mutual respect and absolute amity.

It may be admitted that conditions in the mountains are peculiar and that the disparity in point of numbers between the black and the white population may have something to do with the situation that presents itself there; but such considerations by no means account for everything, and the advocate of racial intimidation as the only means of establishing a *modus vivendi* in the South will have to offer some more satisfactory explanation of the apparent anomaly, before his arguments become wholly convincing.

There was a time when it might have been possible to blame this toleration of the Negro as a friend and neighbor upon the hybrid and degenerate character of the mountain white man himself; but now that the latter has at last come into his own and does not lack champions of his primitive virtues and native Americanism, it is no longer possible to adopt this line of argument without, to say the least, a certain appearance of inconsistency. No, either the mountaineer is a thorough social and racial degenerate (in which case our espousal of his cause is indefensible as pure lying senti

mentalism), or else some of his virtue extends to this attitude of toleration also, and represents a finer type of social sentiment than exists elsewhere in the South itself at the present day.

Personally, I am inclined to think that it is just simple common sense and common human feeling, uncorrupted by political venom, that accounts for the attitude towards the Negro in the mountains. The mountaineer, who reads little but thinks much, and who likes to get to the bottom of every question with the aid of the only book commonly at his command, the Bible, has reflected upon this question of equality and inequality also, and finds nothing in it.

"I've heerd folks say that a nigger hain't got no soul," an old woman once said to me. "Now, I hain't never found nothing in the Bible like that. Besides, if niggers haven't got souls, then how about them that's half white and half black? I reckon a man can't have half a soul, can he?"

It is, indeed, in the religious life of the mountains that this tacit acceptance of equality among all men, as spiritual beings, finds its most striking and characteristic expression. Until quite recently whites and blacks worshipped together at the Old Carr Church, on Carr's Fork, in Knott County; and although the Negroes have now built for themselves, with the assistance of their white neighbors, a church of their own, on Breeding's Creek, a branch of Carr, where the majority of them live, the white settlers attend services there as regularly as at their own church, while the black preachers still come to the Old Carr meetings to preach and to take part in the foot-washings. Only last summer I saw the venerable pastor of this church, the most famous old Regular Baptist in the mountains, kneel down and wash the feet of one of the two black preachers who were in attendance, and who took their turn in the exhortation with some half dozen of their white brothers. At least two thousand men and women attended this great meeting—it was the annual sacrament meeting of the church—and in all this

concourse, which represented fully one-fifth of the entire population of the county—though the attendance was by no means limited to the citizens of this county alone—there was not one who seemed to think that there was anything remarkable in this proceeding, or who sought to apologize for it to me, a stranger.

This settlement of Negroes on the waters of Carr's Fork is, perhaps, the largest, with the exception of that in Clay County, in and around Manchester, the county seat. Like the latter, they are all descendants of slaves held in that region, one of the best corn belts in the mountains. There were three slave-holding families on Carr, and the black citizens bear their names to this day, so that, in order to avoid confusion, it is often necessary to prefix the Christian name of the Negro with the word "black." In a country, however, where every man enjoys some such characteristic designation, this carries with it not the slightest touch of opprobrium or condescension—is merely a convenient descriptive epithet. Indeed the white citizens have the highest regard for their black neighbors, and I was told more than once that they were the best in the county—were almost never represented in the county jail. More than once, when riding with a white man, we have stopped to talk with a Negro on horseback; and, staying at a house in the country, I have seen a colored preacher, starting out on a long journey, stop for breakfast and afterwards sit on the porch talking with our host. I have more than once, myself, been invited by a Negro to come and have a meal at his house, and no one who heard the invitation, evidently, regarded it as anything unusual. The Negroes are seldom seen at Hindman, almost their only appearance being when court is in session, and they have some legal business to transact there. They form no part of the idle throng that drifts into town on such occasions, hanging about and swapping horses. I have heard it said that no Negro would be allowed to settle at Hindman, but I doubt very much if any steps

would be taken to prevent him if he actually tried to do so. Not only at Manchester, but at Hazard, there have always been Negroes living at the county seat. When I visited the latter place four years ago, the best doctor there was a Negro, and one night, when a deputy town marshal was shot and killed, he and a white doctor worked together over the dying man without the slightest trace of anything like racial prejudice or animosity.

Today Hazard is full of Negroes, but they are no longer of the native race. The newly opened coal mines, which have transformed this region since the railroad entered it several years ago, have brought in great quantities of outside labor, including many Southern blacks. Brought up in sections where "niggers" are treated like dogs to make them "behave," these are by no means as desirable citizens, in all instances, as their mountain brothers; but the chief blame for the conditions prevailing in certain of the new towns and transformed county seats is to be placed upon the managers of these new industrial enterprises, who make little or no effort to care for their employees, or to preserve law and order. As one manager frankly said, the coal companies have no interest in the region. All they want is to take the coal and timber, and then get out again as fast as they can. If a murder is committed and the victim is not a man of importance, little attempt is made to discover or punish the criminal.

So far as I know no attempt has been made to disfranchise the Negro in the mountains, even in a Democratic county, like Knott. At the polling-place on Irishman, at the mouth of Flaxpatch, where they cast their votes, they make a striking note in a very picturesque gathering. The entire population, male and female, gathers at the polling-place, which is situated in a bit of flat bottom-land, beside the creek. Two long benches are arranged alongside the booth for the old women, with their gay kerchiefs, who come with their baskets of apples and gingerbread and sacks of nuts—

white women on one bench, black on the other. Gingerbread, made with honey and sorghum molasses, is a traditional accompaniment of mountain elections. I was told that the only man in Knott County, in the old days, who sold his vote, gave it in exchange for a brown slab and a drink of cider.

Though there is separation among the blacks and whites in the mountains to a certain extent, there is nothing like real segregation; yet very little miscegenation results from the ordinary promiscuity of race relations. Certain mountain families are reputed to have a trace of Negro blood, but while I have heard of an occasional case of illicit intercourse between blacks and whites, such seems to be exceedingly rare today.

I have spoken of the Negroes in the mountains as being, to all intents and purposes, black mountaineers. In all their ways of living, dressing and conducting themselves, they are indistinguishable from their white neighbors and friends. Their speech is the mountain speech, also, rather than the Negro dialect familiar in other parts of the South. Above all, their bearing is equally free from obsequious servility or effrontery. I never saw a pleasanter spectacle than the dancing at the mouth of Horse Creek, near Manchester, on the Fourth of July. A platform had been erected there, and all day "sets" were run, first white, then black, while a mixed crowd of whites and Negroes stood around and watched and drank lemonade supplied by a colored family. I talked with many of the Negroes, just as I did with the white people, and it was difficult to realize that they were of a race generally regarded as "inferior." That they were such had never seemed to occur to them. At the same time, there was none of that self-conscious effort to establish recognition of their equality sometimes noticed in Negroes. No, these mountain Negroes were just "people," like any others, calling for no especial comment except on the score of their color.

Of course some change is to be noted in

the attitude of the white population to the Negroes today. The mountains themselves are changing, and this aspect of primitive life much pass away in the course of time, with all the rest. The mountaineers are beginning to learn, from the outside world, which is coming so much closer, that it is not "good form" to associate with Negroes on terms of such neighborliness and even intimacy. Already the Baptist Church is being criticised locally for its laxness in this respect, and doubtless certain reforms will take place in the near future. Some day perhaps it will be impossible to spend the night at a farm house on Carr's Fork and see a small black boy, working on the farm, roll into bed with the white boys of the family. Berea College was forced, by legislative enactment, sustained by a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, to terminate its experiment of racial coeducation, and this was the entering wedge to bring Kentucky, as a whole, back into the "solid South" on the Negro question. There are those who will feel that the state lost a great and singular opportunity to become the centre for the spreading of a more enlightened sentiment and policy through the country at large, and

who will regret the passing, in the mountains themselves, of an attitude almost idyllic in its naturalness and simplicity.

THE NEGRO SPEAKS OF RIVERS

Langston Hughes

ibid

I've known rivers:

I've known rivers ancient as the world
and older than the flow of human blood
in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were
young.

I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled
me to sleep.

I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids
above it.

I heard the singing of the Mississippi when
Abe Lincoln went down to New Orleans,
and I've seen its muddy bosom turn all
golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers;

Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.



"Yes, Muriel Mehitable went crazy over clothes. They had to put her in a strait-jacket."
 "How was it trimmed?"

This cartoon from a 1924 edition of The Judge humor magazine could have been in The New Yorker last week.

THE MELODIC LINE

Conrad Aiken.

The Dial, August 9, 1919

IT HAS BEEN SAID that all the arts are constantly attempting, within their respective spheres, to attain to something of the quality of music, to assume, whether in pigment or pencil or marble or prose, something of its speed and flash, emotional completeness and well-harmonied resonance; but of no other single art is that so characteristically or persistently true as it is of poetry. Poetry is indeed in this regard two-natured ; it strikes us, when it is at its best, quite as sharply through our sense of the musically beautiful as through whatever implications it has to carry of thought or feeling; it plays on us alternately or simultaneously through sound as well as through content. The writers of free verse have demonstrated, to be sure, that a poetry sufficiently effective may be written in almost entire disregard of the values of pure rhythm. The

poetry of H. D. is perhaps the clearest example of this. Severe concentration upon a damascene sharpness of sense-impression, a stripping of images to the white clear kernel, both of which matters can be more meticulously attended to if there are no bafflements of rhythm or rhyme-pattern to be contended with, have to a considerable extent a substitutional value. Such a poetry attains a vitreous lucidity which has its own odd heatless charm. But a part of its charm lies in its very act of departure from a norm which, like a background or undertone, is forever present for it in our minds ; we like it in a sense because of its unique perversity as a variation on this more familiar order of rhythmic and harmonic suspensions and resolutions ; we like it in short for its novelty ; and it eventually leaves us

unsatisfied, because this more familiar order is based on a musical hunger which is as profound and permanent as it is universal. When we read a poem we are aware of this musical characteristic, or analogy, in several ways. The poem as a whole in this regard will satisfy us or not in accordance with the presence, or partial presence, or absence, of what we might term musical unity. The Ode to a Nightingale is an example of perfect musical unity; the Ode to Autumn is an example of partial musical unity partial because the resolution comes too soon, the rate of curve is too abruptly altered; many of the poems by contemporary writers of free verse Fletcher or Aldington or H. D. illustrate what we mean by lack of musical unity or integration, except on the secondary plane, the plane of what we might call orotundity; and the most complete lack of all may be found in the vast majority of Whitman's poems. This particular sort of musical quality in poetry is however so nearly identifiable with the architectural as to be hardly separable from it. It is usually in the briefer movements of a poem that musical charm is most keenly felt. And this sort of brief and intensely satisfactory musical movement we might well describe as something closely analogous to what is called in musical compositions the melodic line. By melodic line we shall not mean to limit ourselves to one line of verse merely. Our melodic line may be, indeed, one line of verse, or half a line, or a group of lines, or half a page. What we have in mind is that sort of brief movement when, for whatever psychological reason, there is suddenly a fusion of all the many qualities, which may by themselves constitute charm, into one indivisible magic. Is it possible for this psychological change to take place without entailing an immediate heightening of rhythmic effect? Possible, perhaps, but extremely unlikely. In a free verse poem we shall expect to see at such moments a very much closer approximation to the rhythm of metrical verse: in a metrical poem we shall expect to see a subtilization of metrical effects, a richer or finer employment of vowel and consonantal changes to that end. Isolate such a passage in a free verse poem or metrical poem and it will be seen how true this is. The change is immediately perceptible, like the change from a voice talking to a voice singing. The change is as profound in time as it is in tone, yet it is one which escapes any but the most superficial analysis. All we can say of it is that it at once alters the character of the verse we are reading from that sort which pleases and is forgotten, pleases without disturbing, to that sort which strikes into the subconscious, gleams, and is automatically remembered. For example, in the midst of the rich semi-prose recitative of Fletcher's White Symphony a recitative which charms and entices, but does not quite enchant or take one's memory one comes to the following passage:

Autumn ! Golden fountains, And the winds neighing Amid the monotonous hills ; Desolation of the old gods, Rain that lifts and rain that moves away; In the green-black torrent Scarlet leaves.

It is an interlude of song, and one remembers it. Is this due to an intensification of rhythm? Partly, no doubt, but not altogether. The emotional heightening is just as clear, and the unity of impression is pronounced ; it is a fusion of all these qualities, and it is impossible to say which is the primum mobile. As objective psychologists, all we can conclude is that in what is conspicuously a magical passage in this poem there is a conspicuous increase in the persuasiveness of rhythm. This is equally true of metrical poetry. It is these passages of iridescent fusion that we recall from- among the many thousands of lines we have read. One has but to summon up from one's memory the odds and ends of poems which willy nilly one remembers, precious fragments cherished by the jackdaw of the subconscious: A savage spot as holy and enchanted As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted By woman wailing for her demon-lover.

Beauty is momentary in the mind, The fitful tracing of a portal: But in the flesh it is immortal. And shook a most divine dance from their feet, That twinkled starlike, moved as swift, and fine, And beat the air so thin, they made it shine.

Part of 'a moon was falling down the west Dragging the whole sky with it to the hills. Its light poured softly in her lap. She saw And spread her apron to it. She put out her hand Among the harp-like morning glory strings, Taut with the dew from garden-bed to carves, As if she played unheard the tenderness That wrought on him. . . .

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute, Tumultuous, and in chords that tenderest be, He played an ancient ditty long since mute, In Provence called, " La Belle Dame Sans Merci."

And suddenly there's no meaning in our kiss, And your lit upward face grows, where we lie, Lonelier and dreadfuller than sunlight is, And dumb and mad and eyeless like the sky.

All of these excerpts, mangled as they are by being hewed from their contexts, have in a noticeable degree the quality of the " melodic line." They are the moments for which, indeed, we read poetry; just as when, in listening to a modern music however complex and dissonant, it is after all the occasionally arising brief cry of lyricism which thrills and dissolves us. When the subconscious speaks, the subconscious answers.

It is because in a good deal of contemporary poetry the importance of the melodic line is forgotten that this brief survey has been made. In our preoccupations with the many technical quarrels, and quarrels as to esthetic purpose, which have latterly embroiled our poets, we have, I think, a little lost sight of the fact that poetry to be poetry must after all rise above a mere efficiency of charmingness, or efficiency of accuracy, to this sort of piercing perfection of beauty or truth, phrased in a piercing perfection of music. It is a wholesome thing for us to study the uses of dissonance and irregularity; we add in that way, whether sensuously or psychologically, many new tones; but there is danger that the habit will grow upon us, that we shall forget the reasons for our adoption of these qualities and use them passim and without intelligence, or, as critics, confer a too arbitrary value upon them. The poetry of Mr. D. H. Lawrence is a case very much in point. His temperament is modern to a degree, morbidly self-conscious, sex-crucified, -an affair of stretched and twanging nerves. He belongs of course to the psychological wing of modern poetry. Although we first met him as an Imagist, it is rather with T. S. Eliot, or Masters, or the much gentler Robinson, all of whom are in a sense lineal descendants of the Meredith of *Modern Love*, that he belongs. But he does not much resemble any of these. His range is extremely narrow- it is nearly always erotic, febrile, and sultry at the lower end, plangently philosophic at the upper. Within this range he is astonishingly various. No mood is too slight to be seized upon, to be thrust under his myopic lens. Here, in fact, we touch his cardinal weakness; for if as a novelist he often writes like a poet, as a poet he far too often writes like a novelist. One observes that he knows this himself; he asks the reader of *Look! We Have Come Through!* (Huebsch) to consider it not as a collection of short poems, but as a sort of novel in verse. No great rearrangement, perhaps, would have been necessary to do the same thing for *New Poems* or *Amores*, though perhaps not so cogently. More than most poets he makes of his poetry a sequential, though somewhat disjointed, autobiography. And more than almost any poet who compares with him for richness of temperament, he is unselective in doing so, both as to material and as to method. He is, indeed, as striking an example as one could find of the poet who, while appearing to be capable of what we have called the melodic line, none the less seems to be unaware of the value or importance of it, and gives it to us at random, brokenly, half blindly, or intermingled with splintered fragments of obscure sensation and extraneous detail dragged in to fill out a line. A provoking poet! ajid a fatiguing one : a poet of the demonic type, a man possessed, who is swept helplessly struggling and lashing down the black torrent of his thought, alternately frenzied and resigned. " A poet," says Santayana, who merely swam out into the sea of sensibility, arid tried to picture all possible things . . . would bring materials only to the workshop of art; he would not be an artist." What Santayana had in mind was a poet who undertook this with a deliberateness but the effect in the case of Mr. Lawrence is much the same. He is seldom wholly an artist, even when he has his medium most under control. It is when he is at his coolest, often when he tries rhyme-pattern or rhythm-pattern or color-pattern in an attempt at the sort of icy kaleidoscopes at which Miss Lowell is adept that he is most tortuously and harshly and artificially and altogether unreadably at his worst. Is he obsessed with dissonance and oddity? It would seem so. His rhymes are cruel, sometimes, to the verge of murder. Yet, if he is not wholly an artist, he is certainly, in at least a fragmentary sense, a brilliant poet. Even that is hardly fair enough; the two more recent volumes contain more than a handful of uniquely captivating poems. They have a curious quality tawny, stark,

bitter, harshly colored, salt to the taste. The sadistic element in them is strong. It is usually in the love poems that he is best: in these he is closest to giving us the melodic line that comes out clear and singing. Closest indeed; but the perfect achievement is seldom. The fusion is not complete. The rhythms do not altogether free themselves one feels that they are weighted; the* impressions are impetuously crowded and huddled ; and as concerns the commanding of words Mr. Lawrence is a captain of more force than tact ; he is obeyed, but sullenly. Part of this is due, no doubt, to his venturings among moods and sensations which no poet has hitherto attempted, moods secret and obscure, shadowy and suspicious. This is to his credit, and greatly to the credit of poetry. He is among the most original poets of our time, original, that is, as regards sensibility; he has given us somber and macabre tones, and tones of a cold and sinister clarity, or of a steely passion, which we have not had before. His nerves are raw, his reactions are idiosyncratic ; what is clear enough to him has sometimes an unhealthily mottled look to us, esuriently etched none the less. But a great deal of the time he overreaches; he makes frequently the mistake of, precisely, trying too hard. What cannot be captured, in this regard, it is no use killing. Brutality is no substitute for magic. One must take one's mood alive and singing, or not at all. It is this factor which in the poetry of Mr. Lawrence most persistently operates to prevent the attainment of the perfect melodic line. Again and again he gives us, indeed, a sort of jagged and spangled flame; but the mood does not sing quite with the naturalness or ease one would hope for; it has the air of being dazed by violence, or even seems, in the very act of singing, to bleed a little. It is a trifle too easy to say of a poet of whom this is true that the fault may be due to an obtrusion of the intellect among the emotions. Such terms do not define, are scarcely separable. Perhaps it would more closely indicate the difficulty to say that Mr. Lawrence is not only, as all poets are, a curious blending of the psychoanalyst and the patient, but that he endeavors to carry on both roles at once, to speak with both voices simultaneously. The soliloquy of the patient the lyricism of the subconscious is forever being broken in upon by the too eager inquisitions of the analyst. If Mr. Lawrence could make up his mind to yield the floor unreservedly to either, he would be on the one hand a clearer and more magical poet, on the other hand a more dependable realist. One wonders, in the upshot, whether the theme of Look ! We Have Come Through ! had better not have been treated in prose. The story, such as it is, emerges, it is true, and with many deliciously clear moments, some of them lyric and piercing; but with a good deal that remains in question. It is the poet writing very much as a novelist, and all too often forgetting that the passage from the novel to the poem is among other things a passage from the cumulative to the selective. Sensations and impressions may be hewed and hauled in prose; but in poetry it is rather the sort of mood which, like a bird, flies out of the tree as soon as the axe rings against it, that one must look for. Mr. Lawrence has, of this sort, his birds, but he appears to pay little heed to them; he goes on chopping. And one has, even so, such a delight in him that not for worlds would one intervene

SWAMP OR CIVILIZATION ?

Walter B. Pitkin.

The Dial, July 26, 1919

ALL THE MAJOR MEASURES which the last Congress failed to pass, Secretary Lane's repatriation project is the one that will suffer least by delay and further reconsideration. The project is an unusual blend of statesmanlike vision and political myopia. Its motives are the highest, and so are, in a general way, its preconceptions and its methods. As a clear recognition of the need of creating better rural communities, it deserves praise. As a sincere attempt to plan broadly in that direction, it is altogether admirable. But there is obvious in the plan a fatal neglect of the wider aspects of agrarian policy the

very same neglect that, in a grosser form, worked such havoc in the United States during the decades following the Civil War, when hundreds of thousands of lives, East and West, were doomed to poverty and wretchedness by the supposedly beneficent homestead laws that lured whole villages from the Atlantic Seaboard to the unplowed prairies of the Mississippi Valley. It is another and subtler manifestation of that inveterate and narrow individualism which has always been the curse of American Government. The project proposes a transaction between the Government and the individual soldier which leaves America out of the reckoning. It satisfies three distinct interests: the Government's interest in putting soldiers promptly back to civilian work, the Government's lesser interest in improving and disposing of its public lands, and the soldier's interest in getting a fresh start in life and becoming independent. Each of these three interests is wholly praiseworthy, and the project, in so far as it furthers them, is equally so. Unfortunately, though, there are many other interests that ought to be, but have not been, reckoned with. And the two largest are the interests of the American farmer and the American rural community. In brief, the interest of nearly fifty million citizens. The project consists of four major programs, reclamation of arid and swamp lands, soldier labor, Federal financing of soldier farms, and community development. The vast rich-soiled deserts like the Colorado Basin and the far vaster wilderness of stump and swamp that stretch malarially from Louisiana to New Jersey are the chief regions to be converted into farms for soldiers. They lie, in the main, from ten to twenty miles from the nearest rural communities worthy of the name. Once reclaimed, they will indubitably yield rich harvests. If, now, we grant the wisdom of converting these wastes into farms for doughboys, we must grant the excellence of the rest of the project. Excellent is Secretary Lane's scheme for, employing the soldiers in draining and irrigating work and in town building, for educating them in agriculture during this tedious period of reclamation, for accepting their labor in part payment for their new farms and for financing these farms on easy terms. Excellent, above all, is his scheme, of preparing, not isolated farms, but entire rural communities after the fashion of the Durham plan which Ellwood Mead has developed so brilliantly in California. It is impossible to deny that every soldier-farmer community which Secretary Lane might create on the pattern laid down would be a place of joy and profit for the inhabitants thereof. But how about the wisdom of conquering more wilderness? As an emergency measure to absorb promptly an army of unemployed soldiers, the project would have been valuable if it could have been enacted before the armistice and rushed, into operation. But we must judge the project, when it again comes up for consideration, not as a hurry call to ward off idleness and unrest, but rather as a part of a national agrarian policy. As such, it cannot be wholeheartedly approved. And there are signs that the sponsors no longer give undivided allegiance to all its original features. Secretary Lane's own replies to some critics indicate that he is losing his first faith in the measure as a reclamation project and is now trying to remodel it into something more rational. The remodeling however has not yet occurred. Superficially, the project marks a long advance in rural reconstruction. But in reality it is only a brilliant evasion. A goodly number of men intimate with agricultural affairs have predicted its failure: some say that few soldiers will be attracted to such remote and inhospitable regions, and that most of those who are attracted will speedily be disillusioned and will as speedily return to civilization. I hesitate to join the ranks of these prophets; so great is man's eagerness to get something for nothing, and so strong is the lure of the open in many youthful breasts that almost any Government proposal to give away real estate will attract hundreds of the ill-informed and impetuous. But I hope the prophets are right, for, if they are, it will at last prove that American youth is interested in civilization. But what if the prophets are wrong, as Secretary Lane feels sure they are? Suppose several hundred thousand young men trained in the ways of modern army life elect to become pioneers under Federal patronage. Suppose they stick to their choice. Suppose they create model farms and villages on the Last Frontier. Suppose they bring, within a few years, wives from other places. What of it? Well, thousands of farm communities would be robbed of the very men they sorely need in the huge task of rural reconstruction which lies ahead. It will not be the loss of man-power that will be most serious. Far from it man-power is of declining importance on the American farm, thanks to the new tractor, which

enables fewer men to handle larger acreage, and good roads, which enable farmers to draw workers from a much wider field than ever before. It is rather the loss of the training, the youthful enthusiasm, the throb of fresh life and the vivid example of the new community spirit that will be most heavily felt. In the seventies and eighties such a loss crushed the very breath of life out of hundreds of villages in New England and New York and sent the value of Eastern farm lands down to the bare cost of their barns. And we must expect a similar result tomorrow if we set in motion an enterprise that will take away from the home towns their best young men. It is not necessary that Secretary Lane's plan attract men by the million, in order to work grave injury. The harm will develop visibly, if as many as 100,000 ex-soldiers are taken. For there are other irresistible forces at work draining our rural districts. The negroes are still pouring out of the South, tempted by the prospects in Northern towns and goaded by abominable mistreatment at home; this exodus will work deep injury to both town and country life before it ceases. Again, there is the widespread reluctance of our returning soldiers to go back to rural homes. Having seen the great world, they are all too willing to linger longer. Country school teachers, too, drawn by the thousands into war work at which they received at least a living wage and often much more, are naturally refusing to go back to the little red school house under the old humiliating, health-wrecking conditions of overwork and underpay. These and many other violent changes are today demoralizing rural communities everywhere. Any enterprise which further drains off the youth, the intelligence, and the feeble social forces of these districts must be condemned as imperiling a situation already perilous. Now there are many ways of giving farms to our ex-soldiers without further injuring country life. One obvious way is to plant soldier-farmer communities in the midst of moderately populated agricultural counties from the potato lands of the Aroostook to the lemon groves of San Diego. So far as possible, partly improved land might be bought up within a convenient distance from a village. Every good feature of the Durham plan might be preserved; all roads, wells, fences, houses, and barns might be put in order under the supervision of Government experts. Community centers might be built, and farmers might be established around each one in numbers large enough to make it feasible to conduct cooperative buying, selling, live-stock breeding, and similar group enterprises. Plainly the soldier farmers would, as individuals, gain everything in such a community that they would in a brand new, isolated reclamation village. They can get just as fertile land in partly improved districts as in the wilderness. Every student of agrarian affairs knows this, and recent surveys by the Department of Labor abundantly re-verify it. For instance, in the state of Georgia alone, more than 8,000,000 acres of improved acreage ready to be plowed and planted immediately can be bought on the open market at prices ranging from one to ten dollars per acre or much less than the cost of many drainage and irrigation projects. Georgia is not at all peculiar in this respect ; almost every Eastern state offers millions of fertile improved acres at a price of twenty-five dollars or less per acre. As for profits, our soldier-farmers will obviously attain them much earlier in established communities than on any reclamation tract where from one to three years must be spent in bringing the soil up to the point of tilling. Indeed, many improved lands in the East and South could have been plowed this summer and made to show a profit at harvest. This fact is less important commercially than psychologically. The average young man is eager for results. He chafes under tedious delays and hard preliminaries. Confronted with a year or more of ditch digging and stump pulling, he is likely to lose heart and go back to town. But if he can at once see his farm growing green under his touch, he will preserve much of his advance enthusiasm for rural life.

It is not such personal advantages, however, that turn the scale against the wilderness plan. It is rather the wider social influences our soldier-farmers cannot fail to exercise upon the established communities in which we should plant them. Immeasurably more important than reclaiming wilderness is the reclaiming of our farms and villages. Bringing water to the Colorado Basin is a splendid achievement; but bringing fresh blood, new ideas, social intercourse, and modern agricultural technique to the typical narrow, suspicious, clique-ridden country town is one of the half-dozen most important social enterprises of this generation. To say that rural life cries for an intelligent humanizing spirit is to utter a

commonplace, but it is a commonplace which the repatriation plan has totally ignored. Ten thousand villages in the United States might be revolutionized with amazing speed if in each one there were set down a few hundred eager youngsters fresh from the A. E. F., hard as nails, their minds open to the infinite possibilities of team work, and their energies all skilfully coordinated under expert leadership for the scientific farming of ten or twenty thousand acres. Precisely the same thing would happen on the farms as happened in the munition factories here and abroad during the past three years; the "dilution of labor" would proceed from the community manager and his trained staff downward to the soldier farmers, and thence still further downward to the ignorant farmers and hired men of the entire district, thanks to the constant contact between the trained and the untrained in the community center; and, along with this swift dissemination of farm knowledge and technique, would inevitably go that same socializing process which everybody has observed at work in the army itself. A hundred thousand soldiers set to work in the Colorado Basin would reclaim the desert and win homes for themselves. A hundred thousand soldiers set to work in five hundred old rural districts would reclaim a million back-water Americans, win homes for , themselves, and make a hundred thousand other homes fit to live in. They would create five hundred Social Units after the pattern of the Cincinnati experiment and thereby solve in one act the two problems of repatriation and democracy. The wilderness, can wait the village cannot. It is our national duty to exert every intelligent effort to counteract the paralyzing effects of the steady drift from farm to town, which we cannot hope to check and which, if not neutralized by constructive democracy, will certainly develop a host of social ills. Let us leave the swamps, then, to their herons and water moccasins for an aeon or two, and march our young army into civilization.

KEEP MEN IN THEIR PLACE

by Elinor Glyn

The Cosmopolitan, July 1922

AN ELDERLY female came to me the other day and asked A% me if I would not join a militant league she was hoping / m to promote with the object of teaching women to keep men in their place.

"Let them see that they are not Lords of Creation! Let them realize that women are their equals and indeed their superiors."

"But I like men," I answered. "I think they are splendid creatures, and often very much misunderstood—especially in this country."

The elderly female was aghast.

"Well! A person who writes articles on the subjects that you do to say a thing like that! Men are the curse of the world and have trampled on women from the beginning—it is time we showed them their place!"

"Haven't you realized," I said, "that the 'place' of a man in the eyes of each woman is where she personally wants him to be? Some of them want him on his knees ; others on a pedestal ; others again as an equal; many as a slave, prostrate under their

feet; and perhaps quite a number still desire that he shall be in their arms as a son—or that they shall be in his arms as a lover. So where would you say was his real place?"

The elderly female was too irritated with me to talk further. But she left me dreaming before the fire—and asking myself questions.

What is at the bottom of this weird notion that such a large percentage of modern, unsatisfied womankind has firmly implanted in its head—this notion that there must be war, antagonism between the sexes, and that women have a grievance against men?

Inequality in numbers, I concluded, had a great deal to do with it; in fact was the basic cause. But there are many aspects to the problem that are interesting.

Now without prejudice, what is the place of man?

Well, his place is where he makes it for himself. If he has fascination—that quality which I have christened "It"—he will find that every woman instinctively wants to be kind to him. If he has a fine and strong character as well, he will be adored and women won't want to snub him or make him a slave; they will want to please him—and a number of them will want to be more or less his slave. But he cannot have any "place," as he once could, just because he is a vum. Women have grown far beyond accepting any master simply because he is dubbed "master." He must be master because of his character before he will be obeyed by the modern girl. So it is up to men to make their own "places," and it is up to women not to take any dogmatic stand as to the "place" of men but to make themselves into the beings to whom men will give whatever is the kind of response they desire.

Why should there be any quarrel at all between male and female, since they are partners in life's scheme of things and can not exist without each other? Is it not all very silly when one comes to think of it?

It might help if women would realize that their wrongs have been not the deliberate conspiracy of men to keep them enslaved but the result of ages of a general misconception of the true meaning of justice, which in the past invariably oppressed physically weaker creatures of both sexes as well as the animal creation. It is only when the spirit has become elevated through been demonstrated in countless cases in

America and in England.

Lady Mary Wortley

Montague in one of her enchanting letters in the early eighteenth century said that there were three sexes — "Men, women

and Harveys." And we might very well classify women into three distinct root types, from which further combinations of the three branch off—the lover-women, the mother women and the neuter women. There have probably always been these three types, but it is only in the last hundred years, since the surplus of women over men has increased in civilized countries, that the latter—the neuter type—has become so much in evidence. There are queens and drones and workers in that model utilitarian, ruthless, disciplined republic, a beehive. Are we approaching the hive stage? Think about it! Supposing at an immense mass meeting of women each had to select a ticket at the door certifying to which type she felt that she belonged, and that then she had to join her comrades in railed spaces. the influence of some ideal that altruistic justice is born—such justice, for instance, as that instinctive sense of fair play the English and American nations possess which hates to see the under dog oppressed; that sense which makes men act with equity in remote outposts where there are no spectators to applaud. They have had an ideal held up to them from boyhood, and their subconscious minds have been saturated for generations with the imperative necessity for honor, so that the physical action follows the promptings of the subconscious. But what ideal as to the honorable treatment of women have men had raised for them during the ages? Practically none. For thousands of years—indeed, since woman emerged

from Adam's rib, one might say—it
lias happened that because she was
weaker in body, man felt he had a
perfect right to dominate her and
make her obey him. It was not until
the nineteenth century, I believe, that
any organized public movement was
started for women's so called "rights."
And now the spirit is awakening, and
in a generation ortwo the subconscious
mind of man will have absorbed the
idea that woman may be his mental
equal and deserves to be treated on her merits as fairly as man.
How interesting it would be to see which group
secured the majority!

Then suppose each group should be asked to give its
opinion as to the proper place of man.
The lover-women, if they were not afraid to tell the
truth, would unhesitatingly aver that man's place was
that of a passionate and tender lover and that he should
spend his time in giving them proof of his devotion.
One branch might qualify the decision by saying that
he must be masterful—even to the point of beating if
necessary—and another branch might say that he
must be a slave over whom they could wield absolute
sway. But worship for themselves would be the first
essential in both lover-women's verdicts.

.Man's place in the scheme of general utility would
be of less interest to them than his place in relation to
themselves. This is speaking broadly. There are, of
course, exceptional lover-women—Aspasia was one,
for example—who are keenly concerned about the
obligations towards the state of their own particular
Pericles; but force a choice upon them and even they
might prefer that he fulfill his obligations toward
themselves if one or the other had to be sacrificed.
The true lover-woman never has a grudge against
man in general. Men are admittedly her central
interest, and she is full of sympathy for their aims and
avocations and pleasures and tolerant towards their
faults. She does not bother very much about the
woman question. These are the women who rule men
instinctively and unconsciously, and who through the
ages have received worship—even when they have been
most undeserving of it. How many of them do we not
see about, teasing men, fooling men, enticing men—
and then again, sacrificing themselves and being fooled
by men! Any little fluffy girl with the lover-woman's
instincts seems to be able to draw any number of even

intelligent males and render them devoted; even though the girl hasn't a sensible thing to say herself and the men would be much more satisfied mentally by being with a clever neuter.

When the mother-women's turn came to answer the question as to the place of man they would reply that the first essential was that man should be a good father, a good home man. He might be head of the state or head of anything so long as the father business was never lost sight of. Man—just man—is not the mother woman's real interest. He is only a means to an end—the father of her children—and in the moment of her most passionate love for him, even in girlhood, there is a strong element of motherliness and protectiveness in her affection. This type often calls her husband "father" or "daddy" or some name indicative of the way in which her subconscious mind is impressed with what he means to her. She does not use allurements in her dealings with him. She is just thoroughly sweet and domestic. She is known among her friends as a "dear, motherly soul." All of you who read this must know many mother-women. They are to be found even among old maids, eating their hearts out for the love of children, their tenderness suppressed and given no outlet, the great mother-woman's heart crying aloud in the wilderness.

The mother-women, if they have brains, often rule their sons—but they have not much influence upon husbands and lovers or men at large. The sons may give them worship, and the husbands also may render them an abstract worship and show appreciation for their goodness and unselfishness. But the passionate love, the unreasoning devotion that prostrates itself for the merest caress they can seldom if ever know. These things are reserved for the charmers of men's eyes and ears and senses, for those who can arouse and keep alight the hunting instincts in man.

This all seems very unjust, for the true mother woman's life is generally one of self-sacrifice. She was probably primitive nature's highest type of woman. And when she can be tempered by leanings towards the lover-woman's instincts and influenced by the brain of the neuters, she is still the highest type because she represents a perfect trinity, and while satisfying man's desire for physical and mental sympathy she yet is recreative for the race.

If the question as to the place of man were asked the neuter-women, the majority

would find it difficult to put their feeling about the matter into words. What they would hope to express would be that man

should be made to realize that she is his equal mentally and so deserves the same rights and privileges materially. And to make the thing perfect they would like his place to be on a lower rung of the ladder than their own—holding the belief that in many respects woman is man's superior. The neuter-women never rule men—they conquer them sometimes through their pertinacity so that the men give way on the principle of "anything for a quiet life." Neuter-women are seldom loved and never worshiped. They have no influence over men except as a tiresome enemy has influence—a bore to be resisted or when very strong to be fought with. They want things for themselves or for what they conceive to be a principle. They are not interested in men or children in the concrete. The highest and most finely developed among them are interested in human beings in the abstract, and in ideals and practical benefits for them. This section is more tolerant in its views towards men, feeling a comradeship with them and desiring to prove not that they are men's superiors but that both are equal. Everyone has neuter-women among his acquaintances. They are generally positive and arresting. They have leanings towards men's games as well as men's work. If they are young and good looking they often attract the weaker type of male and make him a good, autocratic wife. Then there are many women who might be called combinations of some or all of the three main types. Ultimately, therefore, with all the different ideals, to define the "place" of a man is an impossibility. Indeed, the nature of the human male is such that he would find the world a very dull place if all females were mother women; and it would become impossible were they all lover-women; while I tremble to think what would occur were there only the neuters! So that we can very well be grateful for the trinity; and we can decide to which type each one of us belongs and then use intelligence to guide aright the

instincts which belong to that type. To which type a girl belongs can, in fact, very easily be ascertained while she is still quite young; and it would seem to be a sensible plan if she were then educated to attain the highest level to which her type can reach. This would eliminate the failures due to ignorance and mistaken attempts to alter natural instincts.

As all female animals of whatever species prefer their offspring to their mates, it is evident that the passion of motherhood is the strong primitive one, and that those women who are markedly mother-women are fundamentally normal and not completely influenced by the onrush of evolution. And since we cannot say a thing is bad if it is caused by evolution, there can be no reflection upon the women who have lover-women instincts; they are part of the scheme and quite as necessary to men for stimulation to the imagination and mental sympathy as are the mothers. Man has not yet admittedly found a use for the declared neuter-woman, except in a half hearted, rather contemptuous way for her to lighten part of his own tiresome jobs. But his appreciation of her will grow, and she was evidently intended in the Almighty's scheme of the evolution of humanity.

The old Greeks were a people unhampered by over-sentiment or a dogmatic religion. They thought it was wiser to leave the girl children who were to become wives and mothers more or less uneducated except in the spinning of flax and other domestic duties, but that the lover-women should be highly trained in mental accomplishments and the arts of pleasing men. While such an arrangement now would be impossible, it might act as a hint for a sensible point of view to take so that the mother-women could be left in peace to pursue their motherhood and the lover women could follow their vocation of being men's sympathetic companions; and above all so that the increasing body of the 'worker bees'—the neuter-women—should

not have to fight men but should be welcomed as comrades in the toil of the day and treated with respect as such. Most men have a vague, abstract idea that they wish their wives to be good, motherly women. But by the eternal law of change and the ever present recreative instinct in man, they generally gravitate afterwards towards the type of woman who gives them personal pleasure. The lover-women must not neglect their children and grow too much absorbed in men—and the mother-women must not become merely moral nursery maids and governesses, neglecting all the attractions which are necessary to keep men's imaginations active. And as for the neuters: they should abandon all antagonistic feelings towards men, and by polishing and improving their own mentalities and increasing their power to work at men's jobs they should convince the intelligence of mankind that they do deserve equality. It is perfectly useless for the mother

women to expect that they will receive that slavish worship which they may see being lavished upon the lover-women. And it is still more futile for the neuters to imagine that they will draw the tender respect and protection which the mother women draw, or the passion which the lover-women arouse. And unjust as it may seem to the end of time, I fear it will be the lover-woman who will secure most of the plums, and whether they are worthy or unworthy will retain the power to call forth devotion, tenderness, passion and even respect and appreciation from men. For men of all grades of mind and soul cannot escape the eternal law which has decreed that the recreative instinct must always be active in them. So it is wisest for women to make the best of things and to accept the fates inevitable to their types. Then each one will find that men take the places they wish them to occupy.

BROADWAY. OUR LITERARY SIGNPOST

By Kenneth Andrews

The Bookman, September 1921

THERE is always an atmosphere of reverence as the faithful gather at a "Follies" show. There is the affable spirit of kinship which one finds at big football games and other pleasant annual rites where everyone's anticipation is sharpened by the reflection that there are hundreds of dismal souls outside who would like to be present. When the curtain goes up there is, on the stage, an air of serenity and dignity as befits a National Institution. There is no noisy striving to whip up enthusiasm, no reaching

out over the footlights. A "Follies" show is like a Follies girl, a bit disdainfully conscious of her charm, accepting your admiration as a matter of course. We have the feeling, as the numbers follow one after the other, that what we see has been selected and arranged to express one man's idea of what is beautiful and what is funny. Everything has been toned to meet a distinctly personal taste. This, we are sure, is one secret of Mr. Ziegfeld's success. He merely pleases himself. He hopes you may also be pleased, as a connoisseur, taking you about among his treasures, hopes hospitably that you may care for the things he likes. Mr. Ziegfeld has ridden his hobby for a number of years, and his sense of the beautiful is fully conceived. It is a voluptuous beauty that he

fancies—the beauty of bold, rich color and lovely bodies. In his current exhibit he illustrates “The Legend of the Cyclamen Tree” with two pictures. The first, done in pale gold and blue, gives his idea of what Persia should have been like in the twelfth century. The second is a desert scene with vivid sky and a huge splash of scarlet tapestry. Ben Ali Haggin contributes two of his exotic tableaux. There is a picture called “The Bridge on the Seine”, in heavy shades of blue. And so on. Some of the pictures are interpreted in song, some are not; but in every case the appeal is to the eye. Mr. Ziegfeld prefers to appeal to the eye also when he wants you to laugh. So this year we encounter Charles O'Donnell, the silent piano tuner, who becomes hopelessly entangled with a stepladder without saying a word. William C. Fields (who does funny things much better than he says them) finds himself in a characteristic predicament. This time he tries to get off to the country, by subway, with his wife (Fanny Brice), his two infants (Raymond Hitchcock and Ray Dooley), his victrola, his guitar, his bird cage, his fishing outfit, and the other things people take with them when they go to the country on the subway. Other “Follies” have been more tuneful, others have been much funnier, but none has quite achieved the beauty of the present one. And it is beauty—beauty for its own sake—that Mr. Ziegfeld seems to care most about in his chef d'oeuvre. When we consider that he makes his sleek, overfed public care about it also, he almost assumes the dignity of a Force.

“Shuffle Along” is not quite like any musical show anyone ever saw before. The difference does not entirely arise from the fact that every member of the company is a lady

or gentleman of color.

It lies deeper than that. It has something to do with the abandon of the lithe dances, the quite artless effervescence of the jazz. At first it seems to be the melody of cotton fields and levees in the moonlight; but, as the show goes on, it seems, in some way, to grow more primitive. Without being at all aware of it, these performers, most of whom are amateurs, create an atmosphere that is curiously indefinable. They try to be professional; but when the jazz is going and they are shuffling along they cannot be anything but themselves, full of a spontaneous sunniness that is alien to Broadway. It is true the book of the show is pretty bad, much worse than it has any right to be. It might well have had something of the flavor of a negro yarn by Octavus Roy Cohen or Hugh Wiley, but it hasn't. It does not seriously hamper Miller and Lyles, however, for these two are naturally funny men, and theirs is the mellow humor that comes only from the heart of Darkyland. Miller, the Mayor of Jimtown, asks Lyles, his Chief of Police, how to spell cat. After a moment of labored thought the Chief asks, “You mean one o’ these yere everyday, walkin’ round cats?” They ponder over it and worry it along as two darkies could—as two darkies would. “Seems to me like anyone oughta could spell cat,” says the Mayor. “Yeah, ef they could spell anything they could spell cat.” The boxing match which they stage later in jazztime is one of the

funniest things of its kind since George M. Cohan's jazzed version of the trial scene from "Common Clay". It is launched with another bit of typical negro repartee. "Why I's the boy dat was born wif boxin' gloves on," says Lyles. "An' it looks to me like you was gwine to die dat same way," replies Miller, and the fight is on.

It was a brave attempt on the part of these negroes to take the little things they care about and make an entertainment for white folks. It is remarkable that they succeeded so thoroughly—and in an out-of-the-way concert hall that nobody ever heard of, with scenery that might have been discarded by the last traveling troupe to appear in the place, with costumes that might have been made by the ladies of the chorus between rehearsals. If you are at all worried about the negro problem you should see "Shuffle Along", and hear them croon "Bandana Days". It will tell you as much about the negro's soul as any tract ever issued by Tuskegee. There is a surprisingly well-sustained point of view in "Snapshots of 1921". It is the point of view of the clown who, in the medicine show days, used to follow the magician saying, "Here, I'll show you how he did that." The laudable purpose of the evening's discussion is to expose a number of the simple shell games practised by light-fingered playwrights, song writers, and others on the too willing public. The same public that pays to see the demonstration will sit enraptured this winter before the same little shell

games; but that is not the fault of De Wolf Hopper, Lew Fields, Lulu McConnell, and the others who toil conscientiously through the hot summer nights to show us how we are fooled. The cycle of murder plays which seared our emotions last season are, for convenience, grouped under the adequate title, "Who Done It?" In a short sketch the process by which the thrills in these plays are concocted is demonstrated. It seems an absurdly easy way to earn one's living. The sketch is excellent burlesque; but we suspect that the real joke of it is that it was lifted bodily out of one or another of the plays we took seriously last winter. A few problems of life outside the theatre, such as the housing shortage, are taken up and treated in the gentle spirit of raillery made familiar by Mack Sennett. The menace of "convulsionist art" is touched upon by DeWolf Hopper; and, while the topic has been overdone, it provides Mr. Hopper with a thought-provoking line. He is reminded, after the convulsionist artist has displayed some of his work, that everyone must live. "Yes," he replies, "but in his case do you think it's necessary?" The burlesque of "Clair de Lune" is almost as bad as the play itself; and the song number which purported to tell what had become of the chorus men who played opposite the original "Florodora" sextet seemed a waste of time, although there may be people in this big world who are interested in what becomes of chorus men. Perhaps the best that can be said of the music is that it is easy to forget. On the whole, however, "Snapshots of 1921" is amusing, though a bit boastful about it; and it makes some of Broadway's hallowed traditions seem as inconsequential as they really are. We may imagine the solons of the Winter Garden, while making their

plans for the summer, taking council together and asking themselves if they were not, perhaps, overdoing the extravaganza sort of thing. They may have reminded each other that the public has grown to like some sort of story in its musical comedies. Such “plays with music” as “Maytime”, “Buddies”, “Apple Blossoms”, and others had proved very popular. The Winter Garden, as always, wished to give the greatest possible pleasure to the greatest possible number. It might be well to add a story to the lavish spectacle which would constitute the next Winter Garden show. It might be better to take some story which had already proved appealing to musical comedy audiences. Indeed, why not revive some old favorite, the very name of which would awake sentimental memories? “Florodora”, at the Century, had done well. These fine old masterpieces should not be neglected. The Winter Garden had a duty to perform in helping to preserve the splendid traditions of the American stage....We say, some such conversation may have taken place in the Shubert offices.

Then, we may fancy, the manuscript of “The Belle of New York” was turned over to several Winter Garden librettists for a bit of refurbishing.

Some reliable song writers were commissioned to put a little more snap into the music. A company well grounded in Winter Garden traditions was assembled; and the “entire production was staged under the personal supervision of Mr. J. J. Shubert”. As rehearsals went along it was deemed wise to omit a portion of the original here to make room for a song about the blue law crusade. Here the spirit of the old classic might be brought out by the singing of Kipling’s “Mandalay”. This would provide an opportunity for a magnificent special drop, and the sort of oriental costumes which Winter Garden patrons had been taught to expect. Here a bit more of the text might be sacrificed to enable Al and Harry Klein to introduce some up-to-the-minute gags. And, by all means, the girls must walk up and down the runway a few times with baskets on their arms. That tradition, of course, must be respected at all costs. Finally it was suggested that the title did not have quite the ginger that Broadway of today requires, so it was changed to “The Whirl of New York”. Thus it came about that when the old favorite reached the stage at last it was just another Winter Garden show.

THE AIRPLANE-CARRIER "LANGLEY"

Scientific American, July, 1923



The main deck of the Langley, showing on each side the latticed steel columns which carry the flying deck above

WHEN the United States ship "Langley" joined the battle fleet of the United States Navy, she represented an old ship with a new name and an altogether new field of activity. It would take a naval man to recognize, in the "Langley" of 1923, the collier "Jupiter" of 1912. Of the original ship, only the hull and the motive power remain. Otherwise, she is a new vessel ; and, so far as her duties are concerned, it would be difficult to imagine a greater change than from the carrying of thousands of tons of grimy coal to the transportation of some thirty or more trim and dainty airplanes,

In changing the ship over from collier to carrier, a clean sweep was made of all the structures above the upper deck, to make way for a broad, lofty and unobstructed flying deck. Gone are the tall masts and the long line of derricks for handling the coal. Gone also are the smoke stacks, and if someone who had never heard of airplane carriers, were suddenly to come upon the ship, she would look as though some giant carpenter had run his plane over her superstructure and then built upon the ship a vast table as broad and long as the vessel itself.

The "Langley" will always carry, in the annals of the navy, the distinction of being the first large, seagoing, airplane-carrier in the United States Navy; and in view of the supreme importance which aviation is bound to assume in future naval strategy and tactics, this will be no mean distinction. There is another claim to historical value which is of scarcely less importance. We refer to the fact that when, as the "Jupiter," she was put into commission, this ship carried a new type of motive power, the electric drive, which was destined to be so successful as to cause it to be adopted as the drive for all capital ships of our navy. A sister-ship the "Neptune," built at the same time, was equipped with a mechanical gear drive; and the "Jupiter" showed such superior performance that, so far as the turbines and gears built into the "Neptune" were concerned, there was no question of the superior economy and all-around performance showed by the "Jupiter."

The "Langley" is 542 feet long over all, with a beam of 65 feet and a mean draft of about 28 feet. Her turbines and electric motors operate two screws and her speed on trial was 15 knots. Her original normal displacement was about 20,000 tons. She was launched in 1912, and converted into an airplane-carrier 1920-1921. In changing the ship over to a carrier, the structures above the main deck were removed and above this deck, along each side of the ship, was erected a series of lofty lattice steel columns with a series of transverse girders running across the width of the ship to carry the flying deck. The whole series of columns was strongly braced, both transversely and longitudinally, and upon them was built a flying deck 584 feet long with nothing projecting above its surface except two signaling radio masts which can be housed vertically below decks. To conduct the furnace gases away from the ship, two horizontal smoke ducts are provided, which are inter-connected so that the smoke can be discharged on the lee side of the vessel.

The large cargo space of the ship is available for storage of airplanes, spare parts, and the various equipment required by an airplane-carrier. There are magazines for the ammunition of the guns carried by the ship and for the bombs to be dropped by the airplanes. The gasoline tanks have a capacity of nearly 600 tons, and there are also tanks for the large amount of lubricating oil which must be carried. The tanks are served by an elaborate pumping plant, which leads to the

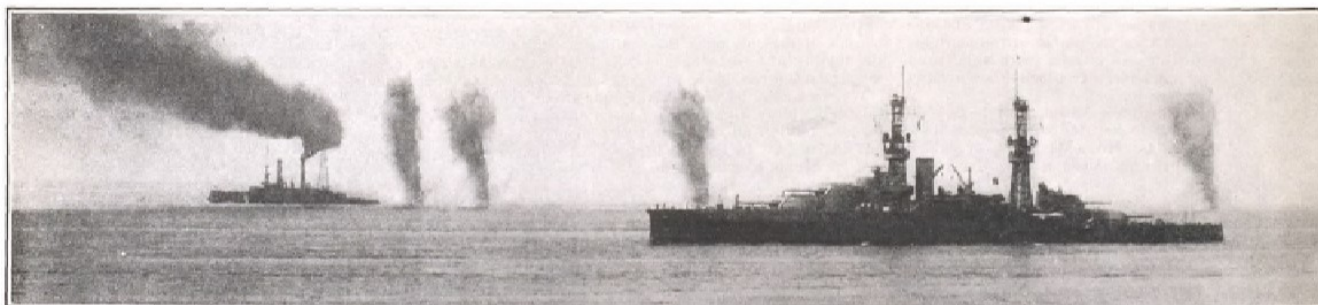
hangers and to the flying deck.

The cargo holds have been altered so as to give the maximum amount of space for the stowage of airplanes, and the "Langley" is credited with carrying a dozen single-seater pursuit planes, a dozen two-seater spotting planes, four torpedo-dropping planes and six torpedo-seaplanes.

The illustration at the top of this page is taken on the main assembly deck below the flying deck. On each side will be noticed the lattice columns which carry the flying deck above. Attached to the girders which support the flying deck are runways, which carry traveling cranes for hoisting the planes from the hold of the ship and leading them fore and aft to the desired position. Here, after overhauling and inspection, unless that already has been done in the hold below, the runways pick up the planes and carry them to electric lifts, which raise them to the flying deck above. It will be noticed in our view of the main deck, that the planes are assembled transversely to the ship with the tail pointing inward. One of our photographs shows a plane taking off from the flying deck during the recent manoeuvres of the fleet at the Pacific entrance of the Panama Canal. Mantlets are rigged which serve to engage the airplane and bring it to rest in the shortest practicable time. It will be noticed that along each edge of the deck netting is rigged to which the operating crew can retire when the planes are flying off or flying on.

Very interesting is the central picture, showing the fall of a salvo of 14-inch shells during the bombardment of the old "Iowa." —a ship which took part in the battle of Santiago during the Spanish War. Of course there was no one aboard the target; and she was steered from a distant ship by radio impulses, acting on electric magnets which controlled the steering gear. It should be understood that this radio apparatus had no part in the original equipment of the "Iowa," but was installed merely for target practice purposes. The "Iowa," steaming at about 10 knots, and constantly

changing course, was attacked at various ranges corresponding to those which would be obtained in a modern engagement. The ship was under perfect control.



The splash of a salvo of 14-inch shells fired by the "Mississippi" against the "Iowa" (left). Ship in the foreground is observing the fall of the shells

Firing on the "Iowa" took place on two days. On the first day the "Mississippi" fired her five-inch, 51-caliber guns using thin-walled, high explosive projectiles. This firing took place at from 12,000 yards down to 8000 yards. Later that same day the "Mississippi" fired at the "Iowa" with her 14-inch, 50-caliber guns, using thin-walled, high explosive shells at an initial range of 19,000 yards, which was decreased during the run to approximately 16,000 yards. That night the "Mississippi" conducted a search operation using starshells to locate the "Iowa", but not firing upon her. On the second day, the "Mississippi" again fired upon the "Iowa" at from 10,000 to 16,000 yards with her 14-inch guns and the thin-walled shells. Later that day, she made a second run, and administered the final blow, sinking the "Iowa". On this run firing was again opened at between 18,000 and 19,000 yards and nine five-gun salvos were fired, using service projectiles in her 14-inch guns. After the ninth salvo, the "Mississippi" ceased firing and the "Iowa" sank almost immediately.

It should be explained that the battleship in the foreground is well outside the line of fire and is steaming along merely to observe the fall of the shots. It is interesting to notice the four geysers of spray thrown up by the shots of one salvo.

BOYS WHO ARE MAD

Time magazine, March 3, 1923

The great English public is tremendously worked up over the character of fifteen year old boys. The head-master of Eton has stated in print that "It is only known to schoolmasters, and not to all of them, how large a proportion of boys are a little mad between the ages of 14 and 17. Weird fancies, always egotistic, suspiciousness, moroseness, solitariness, all these are common, but they present most diverse appearances to the observer. Among the rougher boys arson is not infrequent and kleptomania is fairly rampant with all classes." Frankly, the British public doesn't believe it, and it takes every occasion to say so.

The discussion sprang from the suicide of Vivian Tanner, a "Blue Coat" boy of Christ's Hospital, who had been "ragged" for poor playing in a football game. The headmaster of Christ's Hospital was reported to have said that "If a boy acts badly as a linesman a mild kick is not an excessive punishment." The result was a storm of indignant protests. Then Canon Lyttleton of Eton published his opinions including the sentences quoted above. Followed more indignation. Interviews with headmasters, teachers and laymen representing every shade of opinion began to appear in the press. And apparently the controversy is still raging, with the late Lord Salisbury, whose public school experiences were much 'discussed a few years ago, center of the storm.

LAW

Abolishing Reno

ibid

"Married in Greenwich, divorced at Reno," has been a commonplace in the last few years. Some people have used it as a text in attacking the institution of marriage. Others, less radical, have used it as a criticism of the inequality of our marriage and divorce laws. It is ridiculous that people should find it legal to do in one part of a country what is illegal in another part—as if morality were determined by state boundaries.

This, like many other criticisms of our laws, rises because when our Constitution was drawn the United States was looked upon not as a country, but as a group of countries. It was "these United States," not "this United States." In the 140 or 150 years since, our conception of government and our habits of travel from one state to another have so altered as to bring the nation together as a unit.

We have modified the Constitution to conform to this change in attitude. The 13th Amendment (anti-slavery), 14th (United States citizenship), 15th (Negro suffrage), 16th (Federal Income Tax), 17th (Manner of Electing Senators), 18th (Prohibition), and 19th (Woman Suffrage), have all had the purpose of unifying "this United States."

Now it is proposed to nationalize divorce laws. Senator Arthur Capper, of Kansas, has proposed a Constitutional Amendment permitting it. Except for those people who still adhere to the old conception of states rights, practically everyone is in favor of the new proposal. The spe

cific provisions of the bill which Senator Capper proposed to pass under the new amendment are:

(1) Minimum age for marriage:

Girls—16 years, with consent of parents; 18 years without.

Boys—18 years, with consent of parents; 21 without.

(2) Divorces on the following grounds only :

Adultery.

Cruel treatment (mental or physical).

Abandonment or failure to provide for one year.

Incurable insanity.

Conviction of a felony.

(3) Sixty days to elapse between application for divorce and hearing on the same.

(4) One year to elapse between the granting of a decree and the divorce becoming absolute.

AERONAUTICS

Chicago to New York

ibid

A commercial airship line between Chicago and New York, often discussed, took definite shape last week.

A corporation is to be formed in which Marshall Field, William Wrigley, Jr., Franklin D. Roosevelt, Benedict Crowell, former Assistant Secretary of War, and Owen D. Young, Vice-President of the General Electric Company, will be members.

First a careful investigation of the possibility of such a line was made, by German engineers, who had been trained in the school of the Zeppelin. The report was favorable and preparations are going ahead.

Present plans are to build in this country a rigid dirigible of the Shiitte Luiix. type. Helium will be used as the elevating gas, because it is non-inflammable. The ship will carry 50 passengers, and is scheduled to leave New York at six in the morning and arrive in Chicago early next morning, the passengers sleeping en route. The Government is to give full co-operation because of the military advantage of developing commercial aviation in this country.

MISCELLANY

• • Bringt All Thine* • •

" Thank God I am not a dog, a woman, or a Christian," is the prayer with which the orthodox Jew in Poland begins hia day.

Allegedly, more than 1,200 holes were made in one stroke by American golfers during 1922.

After seven months of married life, a New York wife was surprised to learn that her " husband " was a woman. She filed a petition for annulment.

" Castoria," famed patent medicine invented half a century ago by the late Charles H. Fletcher, was sold to the Household Products Company, Inc., manufacturers of " Castorets" and "Bayer's Aspirin."

In Asbury Park, N. J., a young lady hiccoughed steadily for twelve weeks; then ceased as suddenly as she began.

The population of the continental United States on Jan. 1, 1923, was approximately 110,100,000. -This is a gain of 4,500,000 since the 1920 census.

Thirty per cent of the population of New York is Jewish. Other cities range thus: Cleveland, 12%; Chicago, Philadelphia, 10% ; Detroit, St. Louis, Baltimore, 8%.

The Concert Mayol, a Paris music hall, advertises a piece called Oh, Quel Nut For the benefit of Americans and Englishmen, the following free translation is inserted on the billboard: Ladies Shirt Off!

Since 1918 the Princeton Club of New York has shared jointly the Yale Club's building at 50 Vanderbilt Avenue. This month Princeton

will take quarters of her own at ParU Avenue and 39th Street.

Fox hunting by motor car has become popular in England. Of course, the automobiles cannot follow the mounted hunters across country. But by their speed they are able to head them off by keeping to the road.

In Detroit, a prosecuting witness in an assault and battery case was asked his name by the court. "William Raukissoonsuighihi," said he, "a Hindu."

In Patagonia was found a human skull, half a million years older than the famous Java head (rest didn't scan properly)

TWO NEW YORK PREMIERES

by George Jean Nathan

The Judge, April 12, 1924

A GREAT, dazzlingly illuminated theater. The sidewalks crowded to the curb with men and women trying to fight their way in. The air quivers with the excitement of the dramatic event. Police are called to keep the eager mob in line and to protect the box-office from the hundreds who would pour their money into it for the privilege of seeing the great work about to be revealed inside the theater. A band in the lobby plays the national anthem. Limousine after limousine, taxicab after taxicab, draws up to unload men and women in gala attire. Otto Kahn, the illustrious patron of high art, arrives in a Rolls-Royce and elbows his way through the mob, finally arriving at his seat breathless, but triumphant and happy. Relasco, the celebrated entrepreneur of drama de luxe, aided by two burly gendarmes, contrives to jostle a path through the palpitant thousands and to get to his point of vantage on the aisle, there to feast his eyes upon the rich spectacle about to be disclosed. Frank A. Munsey, the great philanthropist and the greatest journalistic genius America

lias ever known, is in his seat twenty minutes ahead of time, impatient for the coming revelation. Bankers, society luminaries, publishers, government officials and theatrical managers crowd the house to the rear promenade, which is packed to suffocation with hundreds who are only too glad to pay a premium for the privilege of being present at so auspicious and important a theatrical event. Everywhere there is the hush of tremulous expectancy, such a scene, indeed, as one might imagine in the time of Elizabeth at the premiere of some Shakespearian masterpiece. The auditorium has been especially decorated for the occasion with costly lamps and handsome rugs and flags of all nations. An orchestra of fifty pieces bursts out with "God Save the King," followed in turn by the "Marseillaise" and brought to a grand climax with "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." There is a thunder of preliminary applause and a great anticipatory cheering. Then a sudden hush, pregnant with awe, with wonder, with a tremendous humility before the marvel to come. And the curtain goes up and reveals—

A Douglas Fairbanks movie.

Another theater. This one shrinking, coldly lighted and chill, up a side-street. A dozen or so men and women -- the men in soft collars, the women in nondescript apparel -- stand listlessly in the lobby. A Ford painted yellow joggles up to the entrance and lets out the police court reporter whom one of the newspapers has assigned to cover the performance, the regular reviewer having caught a cold that afternoon while watching a vaudeville show at the Palace. A five-minute lapse of time and a few more men and women arrive, some of them with delicatessen bundles under their arms to take home when the show is over. Another Ford painted yellow wheezes up and deposits on the sidewalk a Greenwich Villager and his best girl. The theater itself is half empty. The auditorium looks lonely, forlorn. A damp wind blows in through the door. There is no orchestra. The people in the theater half-heartedly read their programs, and yawn. Others presently pile in, carrying more bundles, some of them fragrant with pickles and wienerwurst. One or two have brought newspapers with them. Presently, the house is three-quarters filled. And the curtain goes up and reveals---

The latest play by the foremost American dramatist, Eugene O'Neill.

These two openings, the one on a Monday night at the 39th St Theater, the other on the night following at the Liberty, afforded the best relative picture of the taste, culture and predilections of the New York connoisseur that these eyes have caught sight of in many a moon. About the movie, I shall remain mute, since

movies are none of my business, either professionally or privately. I have tried my best to work up an interest in movies in this old rooster, but it can't be done. He would trade all the movies in the world for one good glass of lager, and throw in a nickel besides. So, disagreeable dog that he is, he will leave the profound subject to other hands and turn his attention to where it belongs.

O'Neill's play, then, is called "Welded". It is a work of insight and intelligence, and it is excessively boresome. In many aspects, it is one of the poorest pieces of dramatic writing that the author has negotiated and its monotony and dullness is heightened to the point of irritation by the performance of the Algonquin Salini, Jacob Ben-Ami, in the leading male role. Indeed, this Ben-Ami's acting is so bad that even the old gang of boosters couldn't work up any excitement over it. (One by one, incidentally, the Algonquin geniuses seem to be going to pot. Within the space of a few weeks, the boosters have forsaken their erstwhile favorite, Sidney Blackmer, the quondam Bernhardt, Clare James, and now the indubitable inheritor ... the mantle of Coquelin, J. Ben-Ami.)



*Jacob Ben-Ami, 1921**

As I say, our friend's performance was something pretty awful. To be sure, with but minor exception,

all of his performances to date have been something pretty awful, and have been duly reported as being such in this great department of ... uplift, but this particular one, by a note taken down in the lavatory after the second act, was conceded to be the winner, the grand prix. The most important thing in Ben-Ami's acting is his hair. If he ever had a high fever and lost his hair, our Ben would have to resign from the Actors' Equity Association. He lets his hair do most of his work for him. If he is called upon to depict surly passion, he shakes his head and lets his hair fall down over his eyes. If it is defiance he would express, he simply shakes his head again and shakes his hair back into place. If it is a mood of meditation the dramatist calls for, he pulls down his right bang over his eye, and for wild anger he waggles his head from side to side until his hair gets all mussed up. The only emotion, indeed, that Ben-Ami doesn't express with the aid of his hair is an admiration for pinochle, and he is probably working on that now.

The theme of O'Neill's play is love, not the candy-box top love of the Broadway piffle mills, but love as it actually blooms in the hearts and minds of human beings: a thing of hate, self-torture, beauty, misery, exaltation, degradation and iron chains all compact. O'Neill tells his story through the mouths of a man and woman who are deeply in love with each other after five years of wedded life. But this story, that might surely be made an interesting and holding one, he has told so overemphatically and so monotonously that one's attention very soon wanders. Doris Keane gives a moderately good account of herself in the central woman's role.

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* Photo of Jacob Ben-Ami

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jacob_Ben-Ami

Description

English: Russian-born Jewish stage actor Jacob Ben-Ami, on page 42 of the February 1923 *Shadowland*.

Date February 1923

Source *Shadowland* (Sep. 1922 - Feb. 1923) on the Internet Archive

Author Muray

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Other artwork:

Cover

<https://archive.org/details/HoleproofHosiery1923A>

Woman in blue silk/satiny dress shows off her legs in fine silk stockings. Behind her is a painting or fabric sample in complementary colors, atop a brown cabinet offering contrast. The art does the selling, and the text is minimal. Published in a 1923 issue of the AMERICAN MAGAZINE. Artist: Coles Phillips Source: eBay seller daysoffuturepast, who also sells printed materials from her personal website. Restoration by: jess at daysoffuturepast

Ad

<https://archive.org/details/ArrowCollars1920A>

Ad for Arrow Collars, simple line drawing of the soft collar line with a young man looking more pained than comfortable. Published in the March 26, 1920 issue of the HARVARD LAMPOON. Artist: Cynde Georgen, Trail End Historic Site, Sheridan Wyoming Restoration by: Cynde Georgen